Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869.} "Let Us See To it that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING. SEPTEMBER 8, 1892. NO. 35

Republican National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJIMAN HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
WHITELAW REID,
OF NEW YORK.

REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

Benjamin F. Jones,	James Muir,
William Wood,	John H. Sheibley,
W. Henry Sayen,	Coe Durland,
J. Francis Dunlap,	Pierre A. Stebbins,
John L. Lawson,	Lloyd T. Rohrbach,
John Mundell,	S. S. Schoch,
John Hunter,	J. Schall Wilhelm,
Alexander Crow, Jr.,	Louis J. McGregor,
Charles B. Siner,	James B. Laux,
Maxwell Clower,	Robert Pitcairn,
William H. Grundy,	James H. Lindsay,
Traill Green,	Thomas L. Lincoln,
James K. Mosser,	Sylvester D. Bell,
J. M. W. Geist,	Matthew H. Taylor,
Henry A. Knapp,	Charles F. Barclay,
William J. Harvey,	Jesse E. Dale.

Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)

CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL,
of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Associate Judge,
SAMUEL T. GRAY, of Patton.

For Assembly,
JOHN HAMILTON, of College,
A. A. DALE, of Bellefonte.

For Prothonotary,
JOHN C. MILLER, of Bellefonte.

For District Attorney,
G. W. ZIEGLER, of Philipsburg.

For County Surveyor,
JESSE CLEAVER, of Unionville.

BOURKE COCHRAN'S great speech in the Chicago convention, tellingt why Cleveland could not be elected, is not being distributed as a Democratic campaign document.

BOURKE COCHRAN is in great demand for speeches all over the country, but the Cleveland Democratic Campaign Committee seems very shy about giving him assignments.

THE state of affairs in Tennessee speaks about as loudly in condemnation of the Democratic administration of the State government as a whole volume of campaign speeches and campaign documents could be made to do.

FIRST Presidential Volger's Republican Clubs are springing up all over the country. The idea is an excellent one. The young men should feel the responsibility upon them of investigating and decidiug political questions for themselves.

IT is somewhat amusing to find southern Democratic editors asserting that Kolb was assisted in Alabama by the Republican party, white and black. Yet it is conceded that Jones' majority comes from the black belt and Kolb received more white votes than Jones.

The special importation of a German journalist by the Democratic committee, and an address issued particularly to German Americans by a small coterie of Germans led by Carl Schurz, indicates that the Democrats are in more than ordinary fear of losing the votes of German Democrats.

The laboring men of Tennessee resent the use of cheap convict labor in the mines. Laboring men everywhere are averse to being forced to compete with convict labor leased to contractors at cheap rates. What difference is there in being made to compete with cheap foreign labor by breaking down the tariff as the Democrats seek to do?

The enthusiastic argument is offered in behalf of Cleveland, when his statesmanship or his abillity is questioned that "he is an honest man and has common sense." It seems to have required a rather elaborate sifting process to discover a man with these qualities, and even with several million Democrats to choose from, the choosers turned in despair to the Mugwump party.

Asheville (N. C.) Banner; This seems to be a campaign in which the Republicans of North Carolina are not getting their share of abuse. Won't the Democratic papers please let up on Mr. Weaver. Give President Harrison a round. We would like to have an opportunity to defend our President. However, as it is, if things keep on this way, we will be bound to defend Weaver.

MCKINLEY BILL PRAISED.

New York's Democratic Labor Commissioner Reports That It Is a Great Success.

From The Inquirer, Philadelphia.

Politicians are asking whether Senator Hill has thrown down the gauntlet in New York State to the Democratic National Committee. The question is raised by the annual report of Labor Commissioner Peck, which, strangely enough, deals with the tariff questions and praises the McKinley bill and its effect in this State in a way that will make good campaign material for the Republicans.

The very fact that this particular subject is thus discussed at such a critical time to the minds of the Cleveland Democrats is exceedingly suspicious. They denounce the document as treason to the party and a treacherous effort to knock the tariff reform plank of the platform from under the Claimant's feet. The fact that Commissioner Peck owes his place to Senator Hill and is regarded as one of his close political friends is held up as evidence of collusion.

Commissioner Peck says he expected the report would cause some comment, but there is no politics in it. He says the tariff question was taken up because it has come to be one of the greatest moment to the workingmen, in whose interest the State Labor Bureau was established. He began the inqury with the belief that the result would vindicate the Democratic tariff position. But it was the duty to report things as they were, not as reckless partisans would like to have them construed.

He says the statements of his report are based on actual confidential letters received from 6000 representatives of the wholesale manufacturers of New York State and that the result shows him that the leading Democratic speakers on the tariff are in error as to the effects of the McKinley bill.

The report shows that in the sixty-seven industries covered, 67 per cent. of them show an increase either of wages or product, or both, and that there were no less than 89,716 instances of individual increases of wages during the year. The total trade represented amounts to 1121 and gives employment to 285,000 working men and women.

Thus one-third of them have had their wages increased since the passage of the McKinley bill, the average increase of yearly earnings of the 285,000 employes was $23.11.

The average increases of yearly earnings of the employes in fifty-one trades showing an increase was $43.96.

From the 67 industries covered it appears that there was a net increase in wages of $6,376,925.09 in the year of 1891, as compared with the amount paid in 1890, and a net increase of production of $31,415,130.58 in the year 1891 over that of 1890.

The number of labor disturbances also shows a decrease. There were 4519 strikes in 1891 as against 6258 in 1890, a decrease of 1640. Of the total number, 4519, 2375 or 63 per cent. of them were in the building trades.

The period covered by the investigation includes the year immediately prior to the announcement of the McKinly bill and and the year immediately following its becoming a law—that is for the year commencing September 1, 1889, up to and including August 31, 1890, and the year commencing September 1, 1890, up to and including August 31, 1891. The statistics relate only to wholesale manufacturing establishments.

It is hardly necessary to say that Senator Hill denies that he knows anything about the report, and says that he never saw it until to-night.

It is believed, however, that will be the excuse made by Democratic orators and newspapers for the way in which their own assertions are disproved by figures prepared by their friends.

THE McKinley tax on such a shawl as would be worn by Mrs. Vanderbilt is 79 cents on the dollar. On the every-day shawls worn by the wives of every-day people the McKinley tax is $1.55 on the dollar. "The lowest tax on the finest goods" is the rule of McKinley taxation.—*St. Louis Republic* (*Dem.*)

This is the cheapest and most pitiful kind of demagogy. There is much of it floating about the Democratic press. The Editor of the *Republic* does not know what kind of shawl Mrs. Vanderbilt wears and "every-day shawl worn by the wives of every-day people" furnished just as little clue to enable the reader to refer to market quotations and refute or verify the assertion as the case may be. Besides, what the Editor says about the matter is not what will influence the people. He hopes to repeat the campaign of two years ago when the McKinley law was on trial and the Democrats could lie all they wanted to about what the effect of it were going to be. As President Harrison said in his speech of acceptance of the nomination; "In 1890 it was a conflict of prediction; now our adversaries must face trade statistics and prices current."

In other words the people will be guided by what they have to pay for materials and not what Democratic editors tell them they have to pay; by the wages they receive and not what Democratic editors tell them they receive; by the prices they receive for their products and not what Democratic editors tell them they receive.

For this reason all such ingeniously contrived and unfounded bits of demagogy as the above paragraph will prove futile in influencing votes.

THOMAS DONOHUE MEETS DEATH AT THE HANDS OF EDWARD DILLON.

The residents of Montgomery county, within a few miles of Jenkintown, are greatly excited over an apparently unprovoked murder which took place late Saturday night at the Mineral Springs Hotel, near Willow Grove. The victim was Thomas Donohue, a farm laboror, aged 22, who lived not far from the scene, and the murderer is Edward Dillon also 22 years of age, living at Corktown, a small settlement about a mile away.

On Saturday nights the people from the surrounding country gather at the hotel and enjoy the music and dancing in the large picnic grove connected with it. Last Saturday was no exception to the rule, and while the two principals in this case were not of the merrymakers they were standing in the place looking on.

Some say that there was a grudge of long standing between the men and that they had words early in the evening. Bet that as it may, Donohue, while standing in a crowd shortly after 11 o'clock, was approached by Dillon, and through one of the by-standers states that he heard Dillion say, "Now I'll fix you," there appears to have been no word of warning given Donohue before Dillon, with a sudden and terrible swing on his right hand, struck his victim on the side of the neck, felling him instantly.

A dozen pairs of strong arms seized the assailant. He made no resistance but quietly looked down at the still form of his victim, on whose neck a purple lump was already visible, while a small stream of blood flowing from the nostrils told of internal hemorrhage. A doctor was summoned, and although he arrived within twenty minutes, Donohue had died without once recovering consciousness.

It is thought that Dillon either wielded a blackjack or had a lump of lead concealed in his hand, although a search of the ground failed to bring anything of that kind to light. While Dillon would not talk much about the affair he said that he struck only with his fist.

A Coroner's jury was empaneled on the spot and gave a verdict of death from a blow inflicted by Edward Dillon. The latter was taken to the Norristown jail.

SUNDRY distinguished citizens of German birth have issued an address appealing for support by Germans for Grover Cleveland. Though the address does not say so, the principal reason advanced for supporting Cleveland is that Carl Schurz et al have determined to support him. Our German citizens are well able to decide public questions for themselves, and the mere fact that Carl Schurz and others are going to do a thing is not a conclusive reason to them for doing likewise. The great majority of them, also, well advanced in scientific knowledge of the tariff and are protectionists. The reason these particular Germans who sign the address want to support Cleveland is that he has recognized "in the protective tariff system" a "steadily growing evil." That does not serve to commend him to most Germans.

THE regular Domocrats in Alabama raised up the negro domination bogy and howled "force bill." Then they turned around and protested the rights of negroes who wanted to vote the Democratic ticket to vote in the August election. If Jones, the regular Democratic candidate, is elected it is a dominant negro majority that elected him. Under the circumstances the cry of "negro domination" and "force bill" will not avail the Democrats in their fight in November in Alabama.

Senators Gorman and Ransom, authorized by the Democratic committee, asked Charles A. Dana to write a history of "that awful measure," the "force" bill, for use in the campaign. Mr. Dana's respectful suggestion of Senator D. B. Hill as the fittest man to perform this service has not been acted upon by the committee. Is the "force" bill issue to be dropped?.

MOTHER AND SON ARE REUNITED

After an Absence of Forty Years.

As if from the dead, Silas Malloch has returned to his widowed mother in Philadelphia whom he left forty years ago to seek his fortune in the newly opened gold fields of California.

Mrs. Malloch is now 96 years of age, and her wandering boy comes back to her a man within seven years of the alloted three score and ten. His return was as unexpected as a thunderbolt, for since he wrote in '62 that he was going with a California regiment to fight for the Union nothing had been heard of him and he had been counted among those who fell on the field of battle. There is, in consequence, continual rejoicing at the pretty little home 1305 Lincoln Square.

The story of the wanderer's forty years of pioneering forms another interesting chapter in the romances of the Argonavts of '49, who flocked to the West and developed the Pacific slope. In 1852, when the gold fever was at its height, Mr. Malloch, then a man of 23, resolved to join in the westward march. Going to New York he met other gold seekers and with a party he set sail for the Isthmus of Panama. After enduring the hardships of the tedious voyage and the dangers of the fifty miles of overland travel, the band reached the Pacific Coast where they set sail for the Golden Gate, reaching San Francisco, then a town composed of a few rude shanties.

At this point he joined a party of miners and started for the hills to seek the shining metal. Ten years of varying fortune and hardship, such as marked the lives of all the early settlers, followed, and then the war of the rebellion broke out.

The call to arms was sounded and the gold seeker threw aside his pick and shovel and joined a regiment. He wrote on to his mother and brothers with whom he had kept in continuous correspondence, telling them of his step. This was the last they heard of him until his home coming.

In the three years he was in the army he wrote home many times and the family wrote to him, but none of the letters reached their destination. At the end of his enlistment he again wrote home but received no response, and then, supposing his family to be dead, he cut off all communication with civilization and with a band of fortune hunters plunged into the wilds of Arizona.

Mines and prospective mines he tried in turn without great success until a few years ago, when he managed to secure an interest in one that panned out with profit. As his wealth began to accumulate his thoughts once more turned towards civilization, and he moved to San Diego, where he has been living ever since.

He opened up communications with people in this city, and last spring through them received word that his mother was still living. Overjoyed, he wrote to her, and soon a reply came back confirming the facts.

Immediately he started East, arriving here a short time ago. The reunion of son and mother is easier imagined than described. So great was the aged woman's joy that it was feared it would wreck her mind. The grey-bearded man that had come back to her she could scarce realize was her son, but the incidents of his boyhood days that he recalled soon convinced her.

When the greetings were over the son announced his intention of returning, and in a short time he will start for his Western home and take with him his newly-found mother.

A HOLIDAY PROCLAIMED.

Governor Pattison has issued the following proclamation:

Whereas, In accordance with the joint resolution of the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America the president of the United States, by proclamation, has appointed Friday, Oct. 21st, 1892, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus as a general holiday for the people of the United States; and,

"Whereas, The president has recommended that the people on that day as far as possible cease from toil and devote themselves to such exercises as may best express honor to the discoverer and their appreciation of the great achievement of the four completed centuries of American life.

"And whereas, as the commonwealth of Pennsylvania has a special interest in this anniversary by reason of the magnificent progress made by the people of the state during the centuries since the discovery:

"Now, therefore, I, Robert E. Pattison, governor of the state of Pennsylvania, do recommended Friday, the twenty-first day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, as a general holiday. On that day, in the school-house, in the churches, and other places of assembly of the people, let there be appropriate services teaching loyalty to our country and gratitude for the Divine benediction which has so abundantly blessed our people."

CHRISTIANS, BE CONSISTENT.

It is a well known fact, and one of which all are proud, that our Christian brethren in Bellefonte are very much opposed to the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays, and to this end have been striving in a general way to lend all their means and influence to bring about the desired result. Looking at it in one way, we have no hesitation in admitting that our Christian people are right, simply because they are taking only a one-sided view of the affair, viz., the desecration of the Holy Sabbath, and they are bending all their energies to do what they can to prevent it. But while this is being done they have probably failed to even contemplate how much greater wrong will be done by the opening of private beer gardens and other places of amusements, where the worst side of humanity will be made manifest, and where the large crowd of sightseers, having no other place to go, will undoubtedly assemble and indulge in Sabbath breaking far more wicked and monstrous than 'twould be were they allowed to roam through the World's Fair.

But in addition, we have another question to present to our Christian brethren. Believing that Christian charity should begin at home and likewise that the "Mote should be plucked out of one's own eye before chastising a brother," we suggest would it not be an act more to the elevation of the morals of humanity and the upbuilding of a purer sentiment in the community in which we live, if some effort was put forth to close up the many cigar stores in Bellefonte that are continually kept open every Sunday and where our young men congregate, not only to buy and smoke vile cigars and cigarettes, but indulge in conversation of a very degrading character. Now in all Bellefonte among the many places where cigars are sold, aside from the grocery stores, there are probably not more than two or three where it is not possible for a man or boy to go into at most any hour during the Sabbath and purchase all the cigars he may desire.

Now, it being a universally known fact that there is a law against the keeping open of cigar stores in Bellefonte on Sunday, would it not be more consistent for the good people of our town to endeavor to put a stop to a wrong at home, the degrading influence of which there is no question about, than to put forth all their energies to prevent the opening of a fair on Sunday which is a thousand miles from home and which may not be visited by one out of every hundred of our population? This is a question deserving of some sober thought and we now leave it with you for your earnest consideration.

ADDRESS TO IMPLEMENT DEALERS

When our fellow citizen, Mr. William Shortlidge, was at Mt. Gretna, on Aug. 23, he delivered an address to the Pennsylvania Retail Implement Dealer's Association, of which he is president. It is an able and very suggestive address, giving many points in reference to the best means to conduct the implement business, the business principles which govern it and some of the impositions practiced on the implement dealers, especially those of small means. Mr Shortlidge believes that the exemption laws of this state are in many respects faulty and tend to encourage dishonesty. He believes the Legislature should try to change or improve them in some way. Mr. Shortlidge is a first-class business man and his suggestions are always of much value.

LETTER LIST.

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 5, 1892.

Charles Bengough, William S. Fry, John Langebratel, Mrs. Kate Leister, Cora Myers, William Sarger, Jacob W. Spangler, Mable Woomer.

Mrs. C. V. Alexander, Georgianna Beck, L. S. Franklin, Mrs. Kate Gibbony, W. G. Kisling, John Ruble Love, W. F. Summers, Mrs. Alice Walker, E. A. Weand.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINE.

"I'm spreading the light," said a man with some tracts under his arm.

"How?" asked a bystander.

"Disseminating democratic doctrine."

"Right you are. That is light enough to float in a vacuum.

MR. MARTIN MAGINNISS, of Montana, remarks that the democracy is like an army in phalanx and the republicans are like an army in disruption. 'Tis pleasant talk, but Maginnis sounds too much like McGinty.—*San Antonio Express.*

CANDIDATE HAMILTON'S VIEWS.

He Defines His Position Regarding the Fence Law

EDWARD T. TUTEN ESQ.
Editor of the REPUBLICAN:

DEAR SIR:—Since my name has been before the citizens of this county as a candidate for the legislature I have been asked by various persons to define my position in regard to the fence laws of the Commonwealth, and particularly to state whether I am for or against a fence law. I have no hesitation in saying that I am in favor of a *Local Option Fence Law*, which will permit the citizens of the various counties of the State to vote upon the question and determine for themselves whether they will have fences or whether they will not.

This will allow such counties as Lancaster, Bucks, Berks, Chester and others similarly situated to abolish fences if they so desire, and will permit counties having a large amount of waste land to continue to fence if they see fit. In all cases it will put the determination of the question in the hands of the people, where it properly belongs, and will prevent one section of the State from imposing a law upon other sections that the citizens of these sections deem undesirable. Such a law has the advantage also of being possible. No one acquainted with the situation in the eastern and southern counties of the State, where for many years fences have been abolished, except as far as individuals choose to fence for their own convenience, supposes that these counties would permit a general law to be enacted requiring them to again fence their property and involving them in an expense of many millions of dollars; and since their sentiments are backed by the vote of such cities as Philadelphia, Reading, Lancaster, Lebanon, Harrisburg, Pittsburg and Allegheny their wish could not be successfully opposed.

But a local option law is possible inasmuch as it does not interfere with the conditions that exist throughout the State and therefore would doubtless receive general support. Such a law is in my judgment entirely constitutional and eminently fair to all the people and to every section of the State.

Besides it settles the question in accordance with the principles of Free government, the majority deciding. Such a law as this will doubtless meet the approval of the thinking men on both sides.

Respectfully Yours,
JOHN HAMILTON.

WHITNEY'S DESIRE TO HEDGE.

Probably William C Whitney has not any very well defined body of political principles to guide his actions. This is to say, he probably has not any well grounded conviction as to whether the theory of protection is intrinsically sound or whether that of free trade is. But he is the shrewdest politician of his party and the man upon whom Grover Cleveland bases his hopes of securing an election. His view of the tariff questions probably is that a great majority of Democrat favor free trade and he knows that the neccessary margin of voters to elect a President are unchangeably opposed to free trade. Therefore be sought to put a straddling plank into the Democratic platform which would enable his party to talk free trade in one section and protection in another. Mr. Watterson touches upon this attempt in the following lively and characteristic manner:

"Who it was who may be held distinctly and directly answerable for the attempt in the last National Democratic Convention to fasten a Republican tariff plank upon the Democratic party we shall probably never know; although it is certain that the group of party managers in the convention, led by the brains and money of Mr. Whitney, the last surviving Democratic protectionist of the Randall school, exhausted its effort to defeat the sound and honest substitute presented by Mr. Neal, of Ohio, and to rivet upon the party the dishonest and scandalous essay reported by the platform committee."

In short, the great majority of Democrats, represented in the Chicago Convention, knowing that they wanted free trade and knowing that Cleveland wanted it, insisted on putting it into the platform regardless of expediency. We have seen how Mr. Cleveland, doubtless coached by Mr. Whitney and fearful of so bold a challenge to the protected industries to "a war of extermination," tried to palliate the platform utterance in his speech of acceptance by a maundering asseveration of regard for business interests. But it is too late to deceive the people. They know the Democratic party for the free trade party and Cleveland for the free trade candidate.

CANDIDATE STEEENSON had to submit to having his speech revised at the big notification meeting in New York, but when he gets down South he makes just such speeches as he likes. His kind of democracy seems to take best in the South.—*Philadelphia Record*, (Dem.)

CORA, the OCTAROON

[Continued.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE DAUGHTER'S ACCUSATION.

Neither Cora nor Toby was aware that there had been a listener during the latter part of their conversation; but it was not the less a fact. Gerald Leslie had returned unobserved by either of the excited speakers, and, arrested by the passionate gesture of the mulatto slave, had lingered in the background, anxious to discover the cause of his agitation.

His anger was terrible when he found that the fatal secret, which it had been the business of his life to conceal from Cora, was now revealed. But he still lingered, anxious to hear all.

"Toby," murmured Cora, rising from her knees; "tell me where did they bury my mother?"

"Her grave is half-hidden in the thickest depths of a wood of magnolias upon the borders of Silas Craig's plantation. I carved a rustic cross and placed it at the head."

"You will conduct me to the spot, Toby?" asked Cora.

At this moment Gerald Leslie rushed forward, and, springing toward Toby, lifted his riding-whip as if about to strike the mulatto, when Cora flung herself between them.

"Strike me rather than him!" she exclaimed; then turning to the slave, she said quietly, "Go, Toby! I swear to you that while I live none shall harm so much as a hair of your head."

The mulatto lingered for a moment, looking imploringly at Gerald Leslie.

"Forgive me, master, if I have spoken," he murmured pleadingly.

"I will not have you excuse yourself," said Cora; "you have only done your duty. Go!"

Toby bent his head and slowly retired. Cora stood motionless, with her arms folded, her eyes fixed upon Gerald Leslie.

"Well," she said, "why do you not strike me? Who am I that your hand has not already chastised my insolence? Your daughter? No! The child of Francilia, a quadroon, a slave! Prove to me, sir, that I am before my master; for if I am indeed your daughter, I demand of you an account of your conduct to my mother."

"You accuse me! You, Cora!" exclaimed Gerald Leslie.

"I am ungrateful—am I not? Yes, another father would have allowed this child to grow up to slavery; while you, ashamed of your paternal love, as if it had been a crime, you tore me from my mother's arms, in order that I might forget her; in order to withdraw me from the curse which rested upon me; to efface, if possible, the last trace of this fatal stain!"

"What could I have done more than this, Cora?"

"You could have refrained from giving me life! You sent me to England; you caused me to be educated like a princess. Do you know what they taught me in that free country? They taught me that the honor of every man, the love of every mother, are alike sacred."

"It is then, with my affection that you would reproach me!" replied Gerald Leslie mournfully. "I would have saved you, and you accuse me, as if that wish had been a crime! I snatched you from the abyss that yawned before your infant feet, and in return you curse me! Oh, remember, Cora, remember the cares which I lavished upon you! Remember my patient submission to your childish caprices; the happiness I felt in all your baby joys; my pride when your little arms were twined about my neck, and your rosy lips responded to my kisses!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Cora; "do not remind me of these things. I would not remember them, for every embrace I bestowed upon you was a theft from my unhappy mother."

"Your mother! Hold, girl! do not speak to me of her! for though I feel that she was innocent of the hazard of her birth, I could almost hate her for having transmitted to you one drop of the accursed blood which flowed in her veins."

"Your hatred was satisfied," replied Cora bitterly. "You sold her! The purchase-money which you received for her perhaps served to pay for the costly dresses which you bestowed upon me! The diamonds which have glittered upon my neck and arms were bought with the price of my mother's blood!"

"Have a care, Cora! Beware how you goad me to desperation. I have tried to forget—nay, I have forgotten that that blood was your own! Do not force me to remember!"

"And what if I do remind you! what would you do with me?" asked Cora. "Would you send me to your plantation to labor beneath the burning sun, and die before my time, worn out with super-human toil? No! sell me rather. You may thus repair your ruined fortunes. Are you aware that one of your creditors, Augustus Horton, offered not an hour ago the fifty thousand dollars that you owe him as the price of your daughter's honor?"

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Gerald Leslie; "all this is too terrible," and flinging himself upon his knees at Cora's feet, he clasped her hands passionately in his own. "Cora, Cora, have pity upon me! What would you ask of me? What would you have me to do? My crime is the crime of all. Is the punishment to fall upon me alone? Am I alone to suffer? I, who have sacrificed my honor—yes, Cora, my honor as a colonist—to the claim of paternal love? Do you know that every citizen in New Orleans would blame and ridicule me for my devotion to you? Do you know that I am even amenable to the laws of Louisiana for having dared to educate your mind and enlighten your understanding? See, I am on my knees at your feet. I, your father, humiliate myself to the very dust! Do not accuse me; in mercy, do not accuse me!"

Cora's beautiful face was pale as ashes, her large dark eyes distended, but fearless.

"Upon my knees, besides my mother's grave" she said, solemnly, "I will ask her spirit if I can forgive you."

She released herself from her father's grasp, and hurried into the house before he could arrest her. The planter rose from the ground and looked mournfully after his daughter, but he did not attempt to follow her.

Later in the evening Gerald Leslie returned to New Orleans, and spent the long hours of the night alone in his office face to face with ruin and despair.

The one crime of his youth had risen to torture his remorseful soul—ghastly and horrible shadow, it pursued the sinner in every place; it appeared at every moment. Repentance only could lay the phantom at rest, and he was now only learning to repent.

He had never before looked upon his conduct to the beautiful quadroon, Francilia, in the light of a crime. What had he done which was not done every day by others? What was she, lovely and innocent being as she was, but a slave—his property—bought with his gold—his to destroy as he pleased?

Her melancholy death he looked upon as an unhappy accident, for which he himself was in no way responsible. That crime rested upon Silas Craig's overburdened soul.

Gerald Leslie utterly forgot that had he not been heartless enough to sell the mother of his only child, this cruel fate would never have been hers.

But now the consequences of his crime had overtaken him in a manner he had never dreamed of: Cora, his beloved, his idolized child, accused and cursed him as the murderer of her mother.

It was too horrible.

He dared not remain at the summer pavilion. He dared not meet the reproachful glances of those eyes which appeared to him as the ghostly orbs of the late Francilia. No, alone in his office, surrounded only by the evidences of commerce, and the intricate calculations of trade, he endeavored to forget that he had a daughter who no longer loved him.

* * * * * * *

And where all this time was Cora? Within the Venetian shutters of her apartment, she lay with her head buried in the satin cushions of her couch, weeping for the mother whose mournful face she could scarcely recall—weeping for the father whose youthful sins she so lately learned.

Bitter, bitter were the thoughts of the young girl, whose life had heretofore been one long summer sunshine.

She, the courted, the caressed, the admired beauty of a London season—she was a slave—an Octoroon—a few drops only of the African race were enough to taint her nature and change the whole current of her life.

Her father loved her, but he dared only love her in secret. The proud colonists would have laughed aloud at the planter's affection for his half-caste daughter. And he, too, Gilbert Margrave, the poet painter; he, whose every glance and every word had breathed of admiration, almost touching upon the borders of love; he would doubtless ere long know all; and he, too, oh, bitter misery, would despise and loathe her!

Oh, thank Heaven, the unhappy girl wronged the noble nature of the English heart! She knew not that to the Briton there is no such word as slavery. She knew not that in a free country the lowest laborer in the fields has as full a right to law and justice as the proudest noble in the land.

CHAPTER X.

THE YOUNG LOVERS.

Camillia and Paul Lisimon were no longer children. The young heiress had attained her nineteenth year, while Don Juan's protege was, as our readers are aware, two years her senior.

Paul still lived at the Villa Moraquitos. He occupied a small but neatly-furnished apartment, upon the upper floor. Here were arranged the books he loved; here he often sat absorbed in study till the early morning hours sounded from the clocks of New Orleans, and the pale stars faded in the purple river.

Deep in the quiet night, when all the household were sleeping; when the footfall awoke a ghostly echo in the awful stillness of the house, the young student, forgetful of the swiftly-passing hours, toiled on, a steady traveler on the stony road which leads to greatness.

It was to Silas Craig, the attorney, that Don Juan Moraquitos had articled his protege, much to the dislike of the young man, who had a peculiar aversion to the usurer.

"Let me be with any other lawyer in New Orleans rather than that man," he said; "I can never tell you how deep a contempt I have for his character."

Don Juan laughed aloud.

"His character! my dear Paul," he replied, "what in mercy's name have you to do with the man's character? Silas Craig is a hypocrite! a profligate, who covers his worst vices with the all-sheltering cloak of religion. Granted! He is not the less one of the cleverest lawyers in New Orleans, and the fittest person to be entrusted with the cultivation of your splendid intellect."

These conversations were perpetually occurring between Don Juan and his protege prior to the signing of the articles which were to bind Paul Lisimon to the detested attorney, and the young man, finding that all his remonstrances were in vain, and fearing that if he objected too strongly to be articled to Silas Craig the business would terminate in his being compelled to lead a life of hopeless idleness after the signing of the articles, he took his seat in the office of Mr. Craig.

It was not long before Paul Lisimon discovered that there was a decided disinclination on the part of the attorney to initiate him even in the merest rudiments of his profession. He might have sat in the office reading the paper and lolling in a rocking-chair all day if he had pleased, but whenever he sought for employment he was put off with some excuse or other, more or less plausible.

An idle young man would have been delighted with this easy life—but so with Paul Lisimon. Kind and liberal as Don Juan Moraquitos had been to him, the proud spirit of the young man revolted against a life of dependence. He yearned not only to achieve a future career, but to repay the obligations of the past—to erase the stain of dependence from his youth—to pay for the education which had been given him by favor. Thus, where another would have rejoiced in the idleness of Silas Craig's office; where another would have abandoned himself to the dissipated pleasures that abound in such a city as New Orleans; where another would have snatched the tempting chance which youthful passion offered to his lips, Paul Lisimon, in very defiance of his employer, slowly but surely advanced in the knowledge of the profession whose ranks he was predestined to join.

"Strange to say, Don Juan, instead of praising and encouraging the industry of his protege, laughed and ridiculed him for his determined labors.

"You are the most extraordinary man that I ever met with, Paul," said the Spaniard. "Where others of your age will be haunting the gaming-houses, which, in spite of our laws for their suppression, secretly exist in New Orleans—where others would be nightly visitants of the theater and the cafe, you are forever brooding over those stupid books."

"Other men are perhaps born to fortune," answered Paul, with quiet dignity; "remember, dear sir, I have to achieve it."

"Nay, Paul; how do you know what intentions a certain elderly Spanish gentleman may have with regard to a document called a will?"

"Heaven forbid, sir," replied Paul, "that I should ever seek to fathom those intentions; and if you allude to yourself, permit me to take this opportunity of declaring that I would not accept one dollar, even were your misguided generosity to seek to bequeath it to me."

"Santa Maria, Mr. Lisimon, and why not, pray?" asked Don Juan, laughing at the young man's impetuosity.

"Because I would not rob her who has the sole claim upon your fortune."

"My little Camillia; she will be rich enough in all conscience. Ah, Paul," added the Spaniard, looking somewhat searchingly at Lisimon, "it is a serious matter for a father to have such a daughter as Camillia Moraquitos to dispose of, a beauty and an heiress! Where in all New Orleans shall I find the man rich enough or noble enough to be her husband?"

Paul Lisimon winced as if he had received a thrust from a dagger.

"You will consult your daughter's heart, sir, I trust," he murmured hesitatingly, "even before the claims of wealth?"

The old Spaniard's brow darkened, and his somber black eyes fixed themselves upon Paul's face with a sinister and penetrating gaze that boded little good to the young man. No more was said upon the subject between the two men. Paul did not relax his industry by one iota after this conversation. The enervating pleasures of the rich could not win him from the stern routine of toil and study.

Perhaps the reader has already guessed the fatal truth.

Paul Lisiman, the unknown dependent upon a rich man's bounty, the penniless lad who knew not even the names of his parents, or of the country which had given him birth—Paul loved the peerless daughter of the wealthy Don Juan Moraquitos; and was it to be wondered that he loved her?

From her childhood he had seen her daily, and had seen her every day more beautiful—more accomplished.

She possessed, it is true, much of the pride of her father's haughty race; but that pride was tempered by the sweetness of Olympia Crivelli; and it was a high and generous sentiment that led the young girl to hate a meanness or a falsehood with even a deeper loathing than she would have felt for a crime.

But to Paul Lisimon, Camillia was never proud. To him she was all gentleness; all confiding affection. The very knowledge of his dependence, which had been dinned into her ears by Don Juan, rendered her only the more anxious to evince a sister-like devotion which should take the sting from his position.

Instinctively she knew, that spite of all outward seeming that position was galling to the proud boy. Instinctively she felt that nature in creating Paul Lisimon had never intended him to fill a subordinate position. He was one of those who are born for greatness, and who, constrained by the cruel trammels of circumstance, and unable to attain their proper level, perish in the flower of youth, withered by the blighting hand of despair.

So died the poet Chatterton, a victim to the suicide's rash madness. So dies a neglected genius, whose name is never heard by posterity.

Paul loved the heiress; loved her from the first hour in which she had soothed his boyish anguish at the loss of his patron Don Tomaso; loved her in the tranquil years of their youthful studies; loved her with the deep devotion of manhood, when his matured passion burst forth in its full force, and the flickering light became an unquenchable and steady flame.

He did not love in vain.

No, as years passed on, and the bud changed to the lovely blossom, Camillia's feelings changed toward her father's protege. No longer could she greet him with a sister's calm smile of welcome. The ardent gaze of his dark eyes brought the crimson blush to her cheek and brow; her slender hand trembled when it rested in his—trembled responsive to the thrill which shook the young man's strong frame; her voice faltered as she addressed him, and her Southern eyes veiled themselves beneath their sheltering lashes, and dared not uplift themselves to his.

She loved him!

Happy and cloudless sunshine of youth. They loved, and earth became transformed into a paradise—the sky a roof of sapphire glory; the sunny river a flood of melted diamonds. The magic wand of the young blind god, Cupid, changed all things round them into splendor.

They dreamed not of the future. They thought not of the stern policy of a father, implacable in the pride of wealth. No, the distant storm-cloud was hidden from their radiant eyes.

"My Camillia!" exclaimed the young man, "think you I can fail to achieve greatness when your love is to be the crown of the struggle? Think you I can falter on the road that leads to success, when your eyes will be the loadstars to guide my way?"

The reader will see, therefore, that love and ambition went hand in hand in the soul of Paul Lisimon, and that higher motives than the mere lust of gain nerved the hope of glory beckoned him on to victory.

It is not to be expected that Camillia Moraquitos was without suitors amongst the higher classes of New Orleans.

Had she been blind, lame, hump-backed, red-haired, a vixen, or a fury, there would yet, doubtless, have been hundreds ready to kneel before the charms of her father's wealth, and to declare the heiress an angel. But when it is remembered that her future fortune was only exceeded by her glorious beauty, it will be thought little marvel that she had a host of admirers ever ready to flock round her at her father's soirees, to attend her in her drives, to haunt her box at the opera or the theater, and to talk of her beauty in all the coffee-houses of New Orleans. Our readers must remember that there is much in this chief city of Louisiana which resembles rather a French than an English town. The inhabitants are many of them of French extraction. The coffee-houses, or *cafes* as they are called, resemble those of Paris; the gambling-houses and theaters are Parisian in arrangements, and the young men of the upper classes have much of the polish of our Gallic neighbors, mingled with not a little of their frivolity.

Among the many suitors for the hand of Camillia Moraquitos was no less a person than Augustus Horton.

But the young planter did not love the Spanish beauty; there was something terribly repellent in the haughty spirit of Camillia to those whom she did not love, and Augustus Horton's pride was wounded by the thought that his attentions could possibly be disagreeable to any woman whom he condescended to honor by a preference. It was not love, therefore, which made him so constant in his attendance on the young beauty. No; mercenary motives, mingled with the resolute obstinacy of wounded pride. He would not confess, even to himself, that there was any fear of his failing to attain the prize. He despised the young fops who whispered soft speeches and high-flown compliments into the unheeding ear of the disdainful girl, and, thinking these his only rivals, dreamt not of defeat.

In all the planter's visits to the Villa Moraquitos he had never yet encountered Paul Lisimon.

The young Mexican scrupulously held himself aloof from the rich and frivolous guests who assembled in Don Juan's splendid mansion.

In vain did the Spaniard bid his protege to join in the festivities at the villa. In vain did Camillia reproach her lover with coldness and neglect. Paul was inexorable.

"No, Camillia," he said, when the young girl remonstrated with him. "I should hear your father's guests ask each other in the superb disdain of their creole insolence, 'Who is this Mr. Lisimon?' I wait the time, Camillia, when my own exertions shall have made this simple and now unknown name of Lisimon familiar to every citizen in New Orleans."

While the soft echoes of piano and guitar floated through the luxurious saloons; while the rich contralto voice of Camillia, mingling with the chords of her guitar, enchanted her obsequious listeners, Paul toiled in his lonely chamber, only looking up now and then from his books and papers, to listen for a brief few moments to the sounds of laughter and revelry below.

"Laugh on!" he exclaimed, as a sarcastic smile curved his finely-molded lips; "laugh on, frivolous and ignorant ones—whisper unmeaning compliments, and murmur inanities to my peerless Camillia! I do not fear you; for it is not thus she will be won."

Augustus Horton was a rich man; he belonged to one of the best families in New Orleans, and the old Spaniard knew of no one better suited as a husband for his beloved daughter.

Don Juan therefore encouraged the young planter's addresses, though at the same time thoroughly resolved to throw him off, should any richer or more aristocratic suitor present himself.

Camillia knew nothing of her father's intentions. All her admirers were alike indifferent to her, for her heart was irrevocably given, and her faith irrevocably pledged, to Paul Lisimon.

While these changes had been slowly working amongst the heads of the household, the hand of Time had not been idle in the humbler chambers of the Villa Moraquitos.

White hairs were mingled in the black locks of the mulatto woman Pepita; the negress Zara was bent with age, and Tristan, the negro lad, had become a man—a man with powerful passions and a subtle and cunning nature; hidden beneath the mask of pretended ignorance and simplicity.

He could sing grotesque songs, and dance half-savage dances, as in the early days of his young mistress's youth, when he was Camillia's only playfellow. He knew a hundred tricks of jugglery, sleight of hand by which he could amuse an idle hour, and even now he was often permitted to display his accomplishments before the Spanish girl, her devoted attendant Pepita, and her old governess, Mademoiselle Pauline Corsi, who still remained with her, no longer as an instructress, but in the character of companion and friend.

We have as yet refrained from speaking of the Frenchwoman: but as she may by and by play by no means an insignificant part in the great life drama we are relating, it is time that the reader should know more of her.

Pauline Corsi was but seventeen years old when she first came to Villa Moraquitos as the preceptress of Camillia, then a child of six. She was therefore thirty years of age at the time of which we write.

But although arrived at this comparatively mature period of life, she still retained much of the girlish beauty of extreme youth.

Unlike most of her countrywomen, she was very fair, with large, limpid blue eyes, and a wealth of showery flaxen curls. Small and slender, with delicate feet and hands, there was much in her appearance to indicate patrician extraction. Yet she never alluded to her country or her friends.

She told Don Juan that she was an orphan, homeless, penniless, and friendless, glad to leave the shores of her sunny France for the chances of finding better fortune in the New World.

"And I have found better fortune," she would say, lifting her expressive eyes to the dark face of her haughty employer; "for where could I have hoped to meet a nobler patron, or to find braver friends or a happier home than I have here. Ah, bless you, noble Spaniard, for your goodness to the helpless stranger."

It was in the summer that Pauline Corsi came to the Villa Moraquitos, and it was in the winter of the same year that Don Tomaso Crivelli expired in the arms of his brother-in-law.

We must request the reader to bear this in mind, for on the truth of certain dates hangs much of the tale of mystery and crime which we are about to reveal.

The gossips of New Orleans were ready to insinuate that the Spaniard's heart would surely be in a little danger from the presence of so young and lovely a woman as the French governess, but they soon grew tired of whispering this, for it was speedily perceived by all who knew Don Juan Moraquitos that his heart was buried in the mausoleum of his fair young wife, Olympia, and that all the love of which his proud nature was capable was lavished on his only child.

Some girls in the position of Pauline Corsi might have nourished ambitious hopes, and might have angled for the heart and hand of the wealthy Spaniard; but it was impossible to suspect the light-hearted and frivolous young Frenchwoman of the mean vices of the schemer. She was a thing of sunshine and gladness—gay and heedless as the birds she tended in her chamber, careless of the morrow as the flower that perfumed her balcony. So thought all who knew Pauline Corsi.

Did any of them know her rightly? The hideous skeleton, Time, whose bony hand lifts, inch by inch and day by day, the dark and pall-like curtain that hangs before the vast stage of the future, can alone answer this question.

Camillia Moraquitos was much attached to her old governess. All her varied accomplishments she owed to Mademoiselle Corsi; and far too generous and highminded to consider the handsome salary paid to the Frenchwoman a sufficient recompense for her services she looked upon Pauline's devotion to her as an obligation which could be only repaid by gratitude and affection.

The young heiress had often endeavored to bestow some handsome presents upon her instructress (a valuable article of jewelry—a ring, a chain, a bracelet), but always to be firmly, though kindly repulsed.

"No, Camillia," Mademoiselle Corsi would reply, "I take no gift from you but affection—that is a priceless treasure. Bestow that upon me, and you would amply reward me for a lifetime of devotion; the few brief years I have given to your instruction have been more than repaid by my pupil's love."

Haughty and reserved as Camillia was to mere acquaintances, she was almost foolishly confiding to those whom she loved.

She had never kept a secret from Pauline Corsi until within this last year, and even then she would have told all to her trusted companion, had she not been forbidden to do so by one whom she loved even better than the Frenchwoman.

This secret was the engagement between herself and Paul Lisimon.

"You will not breathe one word to a mortal of the vows which bind us until death, will you, my Camillia?" said the young man, as, intoxicated with happiness, he pressed his betrothed to his wildly throbbing heart.

"To no one, dearest," answered Camillia, "until your position will warrant you in asking my father's consent to our union. That is to say," she added, hesitatingly, "to no one but Pauline. I shall be so anxious to talk of you, and I know I can trust her."

"Not one word to her, Camillia," as you love me," exclaimed Paul, with energy.

"What? you mistrust my faithful Pauline?"

"I mistrust no one," answered Lisimon; "yet, paradoxical as it may seem, I trust scarcely any one. To give your secrets into the keeping of another, is to give your life—nay, the better part of life; for those secrets appertain to the inmost sentiment of your heart. No, Camillia, tell nothing until that day comes, when, proud and triumphant, I can claim you before your father and the world."

"But you believe Pauline to be all that is good?" urged Camillia, her affectionate nature wounded by the warning of Paul.

"Yes, since you told me so, dearest; but, young as I am in the winding ways of the world, I am older than you, and the experience of Silas Craig's office has taught me many iniquitous secrets."

Augustus Horton had, as our readers are aware, many business transactions with the attorney and usurer, Craig. Despising the man most completely, it yet suited the young planter's purpose to employ him, for Silas was a master in the evil arts of chicanery; a useful lawyer for all business, but above all useful in such affairs as were of too dark and secret a nature to bear exposure to the light of day.

He was the attorney employed by Augustus Horton, by Don Juan Moraquitos, and by most of the wealthiest men in the city of New Orleans; men who affected ignorance of his character, because his style of doing business suited their purpose.

It was at Silas Craig's office that Augustus Horton first saw Paul Lisimon.

The two men encountered each other in an office opening out of the private room occupied by the attorney.

Paul was seated at his desk, copying a deed; he looked up only for a moment as the planter entered the apartment, and immediately returned to his work. He knew that the visitor was his rival. Augustus Horton, but, secure in the love of Camillia, he was utterly indifferent to his presence. Not so the planter. He looked long and earnestly at the handsome and Spanish face of the young Mexican.

Simply as Paul was dressed, in the loose linen coat and trousers suitable to the climate, with an open shirt collar of the finest cambric, under which was knotted a black silk handkerchief, there was something so distinguished in his appearance that Augustus Horton could not help wondering who this elegant stranger was who had found his way into Silas Craig's office. So great was his curiosity, that when his business with the lawyer was ended he lingered to ask a few questions about the strange clerk.

"In goodness' name, Craig," he said, as he lit a cigar from a box of alumettes upon the attorney's desk, "who is that young aristocrat whom you have secured as a pigeon for plucking, under pretense of teaching him the law?"

"A young aristocrat!" exclaimed Craig, looking, with considerable curiosity, at his client's thoughtful countenance.

"Yes, a young man I saw in the next office. A Spaniard, I should imagine, from his appearance. A very dark, with black eyes and curling black hair."

Silas Craig laughed aloud.

"An aristocrat!" he exclaimed; "why, surely you must mean Paul Lisimon."

"Who is Paul Lisimon?" asked the visitor at Villa Moraquitos.

"Why I thought you were a constant visitor at Villa Moraquitos!"

"I am so," replied Augustus.

"And you have never met Paul Lisimon."

"Never, man! Don't question me, but answer me. Who is this Paul Lisimon?"

"My articled pupil, a young Mexican, protege of Don Juan's, who is studying for the law."

"Who is he, and where did he come from?" asked Augustus, eagerly.

"That no one knows," answered Craig; "the brother-in-law of Don Juan Moraquitos, Don Tomaso Crivelli, brought him to New Orleans thirteen years ago, when the little heiress was about six years old."

"Indeed," muttered Augustus biting his lip fiercely; "and the children were brought up together, I suppose."

"They were."

"That explains all," said the planter, striding toward the door.

"All what?" asked Craig.

"No matter," replied Augustus Horton; and, without another word to the lawyer, he left the apartment, and passed once more through the office where Paul Lisimon was seated.

This time it was with a glance of intense malignity that he regarded the young man, who, scarcely conscious of his presence, sat with his head bent over his work.

"So," exclaimed the planter, when he found himself alone; "I thought that you were an iceberg, Camillia Moraquitos, and that the burning breath of passion had never melted your frozen nature. I never dreamt that I had a rival; but the mystery is solved. This Mexican, this nameless dependent on your father's bounty, is doubtless he for whom you scorn the proudest suitors New Orleans can offer. I should have known that a woman is never utterly indifferent to a man's attentions save when she loves another. No matter, Camillia, you will find it no trifle to brave the hatred of Augustus Horton. My rival is younger and handsomer than I; it would be hopeless to attempt to win her love while he is by to sue and be preferred; but before the year is out, I will have thrust him from my pathway as I would an insolent slave on my plantation."

CHAPTER XI

PAUL LISIMON'S RUIN IS PLOTTED BY HIS ENEMIES.

From the hour in which Augustus Horton first looked upon the noble face and form of Paul Lisimon, he entertained for the young Mexican that deadly and unrelenting hatred which jealousy alone can nourish.

Be it distinctly understood, the planter did not love Camillia Moraquitos.

Lovely as was the Spanish girl, there was one who, in the eyes of Augustus, was yet lovelier; and that one was Cora, the daughter of Gerald Leslie, and the hapless quadroon slave, Francilia.

Cora, the octoroon!

Yes, the fatal word which branded this lovely and innocent being is contained in those three syllables. She was an Octoroon, removed in the eighth degree from the African race, with a skin purely white as the tint of the lilies sleeping upon the lakes of her native Louisana. *One drop* of the blood of a slave ran in her veins, poisoned her utmost life, and stamped her with the curse of Cain.

She was an Octoroon!

Augustus Horton knew this. He knew also, that Gerald Leslie was a ruined man; and he waited his time.

Cora had inspired in the proud heart of the planter one of those all-absorbing passions, which, in a bad man's heart, resemble the storm and tempest. They rage but to destroy. At any price, even at the price of his own soul as well as hers, she must be his.

The insult she had inflicted upon him in dismissing him from her presence, had infuriated and humiliated him, but it had not abated one spark of the wild ardor of his guilty passion; notwithstanding this he was determined upon becoming the husband of Camillia Moraquitos.

The reader is already acquainted with the laxity of Louisianian morals. The wealthy Creole thought there could be no shame to the Octoroon in becoming his mistress. What was she but a creature of the inferior race, born to obey her master, the white man? With Camillia's fortune, added to his own ample wealth, Augustus Horton would have been one of the richest men in New Orleans. But the planter felt that he had discovered his real and only rival in the person of Paul Lisimon, the Mexican.

He was not slow to act upon his conviction. Early upon the morning after his first encounter with Paul, he entered the office in which the young man was seated, and asked to see Silas Craig.

Paul Lisimon raised his eyes, and recognized one of the most constant admirers of Camillia Moraquitos. But it was with a glance of supreme indifference that the Mexican regarded his rival. Augustus Horton felt the sting of that careless look, it was the glance of one who, secure in the affection of her he loves, is incapable of jealousy.

"Mr. Craig is within?" he inquired, addressing himself especially to Paul, though a colored lad at a desk near was the person who answered all inquiries, and ushered the clients into Silas Craig's office.

"He is," answered Paul, quietly, dropping his eyes upon his work, and not lifting them as he spoke; "Marcus, take this gentleman's card to your master."

Silas was seated at his desk, a ledger open before him, and on the table by his side a large iron cash box, the lid of which he dropped hurriedly as the young planter entered the office.

The ledger contained the secret accounts of the transactions of the mysterious gambling-house in Columbia Street. The cash box was nearly filled with bank notes, lost in that den of iniquity by the miserable and deluded votaries of the gambler's green cloth-covered altar. Silas closed the ledger, which was secured with massive brass locks, the key of which the usurer wore hanging to a thick gold chain, which was never removed night or day—the iniquitous volume was further secured by being placed in an iron chest, proof against fire and thieves.

The money gained by these shameful transactions was sent monthly to New York, where it was banked in the name of Craig & Co., solicitors.

This was done to prevent the possibility of the losers of this money tracing it, by the numbers of the notes, into the hands of the usurer.

These precautions may seem superfluous, but they were no more than necessary. Silas Craig felt that he was carrying on an infamous traffic. He knew that were his name revealed as the proprietor of a house which bore a very high reputation for fair play, and in which several deeds of darkness were strongly suspected to have been committed, universal hatred and execration would be heaped upon his guilty head. More than this, there was a tribunal he dreaded more than all the estates and courts of Law, and one which he knew that for such an offense as his the infuriated citizens would have recourse to the horrors of Lynch Law.

He glanced round uneasily as Augustus Horton entered the room, and thrust the ledger hurriedly into an open drawer in his desk.

"My dear Augustus," he said, with his custom of deputing later antecedents, "this is indeed an unlooked for pleasure. I scarcely expected to see you so soon again."

"I dare say not," answered the planter, coolly, taking out a cigar and lighting it at the taper by which Craig sealed his letters.

"And may I ask to what I owe the honor of your visit?" said Craig, looking, with considerable curiosity, at his client's thoughtful countenance.

"Tell me, Silas Craig, that young Mexican youth, that Lisimon, or Lisimon, or whatever his name may be—that hanger-on and dependent of Juan Moraquitos, must leave your office."

Silas started and stared wonderingly at the planter.

"Ay, you may stare," said Augustus; "never you mind my motives. I say he must go!"

(To be continued.)

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All effects of youthful indiscretion (both sexes), Blood Poison, Rannigs, Strictures, Hydrocele, Ulcers, Painful Swellings, Pimples, Poor Memory, Bashfulness and Debility. Relieves worst cases at once; cures fresh cases in 4 to 10 days. Twenty-six years' experience. Send 4 cts. in stamps for "Book Truth," exposing every form of Quackery. It is a true friend to old, young and middle-aged, and those contemplating marriage. Thousands who come for a scientific examination pronounce Dr. Theel the greatest of all Physicians. Dr. Theel cures cases that no one else can. Thousands of references. Hours, 9 to 3; Evenings, 6 to 9; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 6 to 10. SPECIAL HOURS for dangerous and severe cases: Daily, 10 to 1; Saturdays, 10 to 3; Saturday evenings only, 6 to 7.30; Sundays, 9 to 12. Write or call.

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Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately
Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or ife, It has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,
Don't Wait! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters!
Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is The Invalid's Friend.
The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life. Don't wait until to-morrow,
Try a Bottle To-day!
Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.
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Removes all Freckles, Pimples, Liver-moles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, thereby producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless. For sale at druggists or mailed for 50c. Send for circular.
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HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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Tyler's Famous Antique Oak Roll Curtain Desk complete, see special circulars.
No. 4004, 3 ft. 6 in. long, net $16.00
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Also see new 150 page catalogue for 1892. Great cut of about 40 per cent from former list. BOOKS FREE, postage 10c. Shipped from St. Louis, Mo., or Indianapolis, Ind.
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We refer to every Bank in Thirty States.
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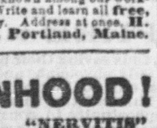
FAT FOLKS REDUCED
Mrs. L. M. Campbell Argyle, Wis., says: The accompanying statement of my weight and measurements will show the results of five months' treatments.

Before. After. Loss.
Weight 230 lbs 155 lbs 75 lbs
Bust.... 43 in. 33 in. 10 in.
Waist.. 43 in. 31 in. 11 in.
Hips.... 52 in. 40 in. 12 in.
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Harmless, and with no starving, inconvenience, or bad effects. For particulars address, with 6 cents in stamps,
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LOVE ON THE HIGH SEAS.

The merchant ship Druid, from Bombay for London, lay becalmed off the west coast of Hindostan, between Gea and Mangalore, where the Ghaut Mountains were seen towering in savage grandeur thousands of feet in the air, with wild torrents leaping down the rocks, flashing through the dark green shrubbery, and rushing with the din of thunder.

"If the wind doesn't raise ere to-morrow morning we will have to anchor," said the captain to Robert Winfield, a handsome young naval Lieutenant on leave of absence from his frigate stationed at Bombay. "I don't want to lay the ship's bones on that coast, nor do I like to get too near it. I have heard bad stories of the natives there; at any rate, I believe that almost every Hindoo is a thief and murderer by nature!"

Bell Upton, daughter of Major Upton, who was bound home for his Indian regiment, on sick leave, heard these words, and, shuddering, drew closely to the side of her invalid father.

A quick glance was then exchanged between her and the young naval Lieutenant, whose reassuring look seemed to at once dispel her fears.

Major Upton noticing the glance, frowning, said to his daughter, "Come, Bell, let us go below!"

Winfield had been a suitor of Bell's since she came to visit her father at Bombay, some months before. The girl favored him, but not so the Major, who wanted her to choose a wealthier lover.

Bell was beautiful, with a form of unrivaled grace, brown eyes, a clear pearl-white skin, with little color, and dark golden hair that fell in rippling masses over a pair of magnificent shoulders.

The Lieutenant watched her admiringly until she disappeared in the cabin.

"No harm shall befall her, not while I live!" he thought, as he now glanced uneasily toward the coast. "We have arms aboard, have we not?" he added aloud to the captain.

"Ay, ay sir but it isn't likely we shall be attacked. We are full two leagues from the coast and before we are near enough to be boarded a breeze will spring up, I've no doubt.

A few hours later night closed round the ship. The sky was covered by thick clouds, which obscured the moon and seemed to betoken that a breeze would come before long.

Meanwhile, the ship having drifted a league nearer the coast the Lieutenant thought the captain very careless not to have more than his one lookout forward posted on so dark a night.

Before 11 o'clock the quarter-deck was deserted by all save the officer of the watch, a lazy fellow, who was now stretched on the carpenter's chest, half asleep, while the watch forward, as Winfield (who stood leaning over the rail amidships) could perceive by the light of a lantern in the forerigging, lay reclining on the hatch, some of them snoring.

Not feeling sleepy the young Lieutenant resolved to go aloft on the mizzentopsailyard to watch for the first sign of a breeze.

Arrived on the yard, the gloom was so intense that he could not see the water below, although as he still gazed in that direction?—he thought he could detect a dim outline of something shooting around the ship's stern!

He was about descending when the clouds parting over the moon, a flood of silvery light was poured down on ship and water, revealing a spectacle that thrilled the young man with horror—a scene so sudden and unexpected that his heart seemed to stand still.

While he was aloft, Bell Upton had come out on the quarter-deck, and now stood with her back to the rail, about two feet from it, her head bowed, as if she were in deep thought, so that her beautiful white neck shone like polished ivory in the clear moolight.

Unseen, unheard by the young girl, a Hindoo, with a long, lithe body naked to the waist, had clambered the side, from a large canoe containing half a dozen of his companions, and had contrived to glide serpent-like, on the outside of the ship until he had obtained a position directly behind her, when he had drawn a sharp dirk, which he was now on the point of plunging into the snowy neck of the fair passenger, that she might give no alarm.

The Lieutenant's hands clenched the yard like a vise as he beheld the young lady's peril.

He must save her—he would save her he thought; and yet, how was this to be done?

To give an alarm would only hasten the girl's doom; to descend, no matter how quickly, by means of one of the backstays, would be of no use, as she would perish before he could reach the deck and attempt to stay the deadly hand!

There was no time to lose; in three seconds the dirk would descend and the girl would be killed at one stroke, so that the murderer's companions who had already begun to ascend the vessel's side could pounce on the drowsy male occupants of the deck, and slaying them, make themselves masters of the ship almost before a warning could be given.

Like a lightning flash, the instinct of love, the resolution to save Bell in some manner from this immediate attack, sent a sudden thought to the brain of the agonized spectator.

The Hindoo murderer, in his position on the outside of the ship, was under the Lieutenant, although about forty feet below him; while the girl, standing two feet from the rail, was within easy reach of the native, whose arm and body as stated, were now drawn back from the bulwarks, to give force to the meditated blow!

The young man, therefore, deemed that it would be an easy matter to reach the Hindoo in the only way it could now be done with sufficient rapidity to prevent the accomplishment of his deadly purposes—a way at once novel and desperate, and which would, perhaps, involve his own destruction!

In a word, Lieutenant Winfield, not hesitating to risk either life or limb for the woman he loved, resolved to drop down from near the end of the mizzen-topsail-yard upon the Hindoo, forty feet below, and thus dash him from the rail into the sea, perhaps killing him, ere he could deal the fatal blow with his uplifted dirk!

He would uttter a shrill cry—a warning to the crew—as he cleaved the air, and arousing them, perhaps, in time to meet the attack of the robbers, and insure the further safety of Bell and the ship.

The emergency admitted of no delay. The young man, clutching the yard near the end, hung by it a second to make sure he was in a line with the Hindoo beneath; then, just as the dirk was about to descend, he let go of the spar with a long, wild cry that pierced every corner of the ship and down he went, cleaving through the air with terrific velocity!

There was a whirling, rushing sound, then a loud thud, as the heavy bootheels of the falling body crashed upon the head of the dusky native ere he could use his knife, dashing him from the rail into the sea and killing him instantly!

The watch had heard the warning cry of the Lieutenant; and ere the other natives could recover from their surprise, caused by the occurrence which had so suddenly and unexpectedly broken upon them, the decks were alive with the whole crew, on which the gang of robbers beat a hasty retreat.

Meanwhile Bell Uptown had been so bewildered by that sudden, fearful cry she had heard, and the subsequent plash of the two bodies falling into the water, that not till a boat was lowered and the Lieutenant, who had been struggling in the sea, was brought aboard and in the cabin, to explain, in a faint voice, how he had saved her life, did she clearly comprehend all that had taken place.

Then she threw herself down by the prostrate form of her lover, and hung over him in agony, fearing that he was fatally injured. Soon, however, the ship's doctor gave cheering information to the contrary.

The young man had sustained a fearful shock from his contract with the Hindoo's body; but as that body had offered little resistance to his downward progress when he struck it—in fact, as it had been simply driven before him into the sea—his lower limbs, although partially paralyzed for the time, were not broken.

He had, however, fallen dangerously near the rail; a roll of the ship to the other side, ere he let go of the topsail-yard to descend, would have caused him to fall on the bulwarks, when, of course, he would have been killed.

"Never before," said the doctor, "did I hear of such a daring performance!"

"Ay!" exclaimed Major Upton, with admiration and gratitude. "God bless him. Here, Bell! he shall have you, girl, for he has well earned you!"

He put both hands of his daughter, who had clasped her lover's neck, in the Lieutenant's, and turned his head to hide a few tears on his bronzed cheek.

Immediately after the young man had been brought aboard, an off-shore breeze sprang up, enabling the captain to head seaward.

In due time the vessel reached her home port, when the Lieutenant, who had by this time fully recovered from the effects of his fall, claimed his beautiful and willing bride.—*N. Y. World.*

The Belle of Chatham Square.

Swate Mollie Malone was a girl among girls,
Wild eyes like black diamonds an' smooth, raven hair
Fixed up in bewilderin', heart-tanglin' curls—
De belle of de old Chatham square.

Her teeth were like glitterin' mother-o'-pearl,
Her cheeks like the roses, her throat like th' snow;
Wid her nose just a wee little bit out o' curl,
Which but adds to one's beauty, you know.

She worked in a cloak-house just over de way,
An' she looked so bewitchin', so bright, an' so sweet,
As she walked t'rough the Bow'ry at 7 each day,
She'd enchant every lad on de street.

Young Mickey O'Rourke drove an East Broadway car,
An' he loved pretty Mollie wid all of his heart;
He called her his jewel, his bright mornin' star,
An' he said her bright glance was love's dart.

An' Mollie thought Mickey a broth of a boy,
An' wore on her finger the ring that he gave;
She swore no black cloud should e're darken their joy
Till their partin' took place at the grave.

But, alas for poor Mickey! Old Alderman Finn
Saw Mollie one evenin' in Paradise park,
She flirted a little—'twas surely no sin—
In a corner secluded and dark.

The alderman offered sweet Mollie his hand,
An' swore dat he'd make her as rich as a queen;
Dat he'd buy her de finest turnout in de land,
An' such jewels as niver was seen.

Mollie wavered a moment; she thought of poor Mike,
An den of the alderman's promises grand;
Den she smiled an' she blushed (who would not do de like?)
An' gave the rich suitor her hand.

When Mike heard the news, he was near kilt wid grief,
But he soon dried his tears and wed Kate Donohue;
While Mollie now dwells in a style past belief
In a mansion on Fift' avenoo.
—N. Y. Evening Sun.

Louisville, Ky., sold more tobacco last year than ever before—154,918 hogsheads. Cincinnati is the next largest market, with sales of 118,504 hogsheads.

STIMULANTS.
Why do physicians recommend Klein's Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies? Because first, they are pure, old and reliable—because they have prescribed them for their patients, are found that no other medicine would nourish and tone up the system so rapidly and thoroughly. Silver Age costs only $1.50 per full quart and Duquesne 1.25 per quart. The best hotels and dealers in liquors keep them for their choice customers. For sale to the trade generally by Simon Shloss, Williamsport Pa.

MUSSICAL COLLEGE.—The Fall Term opens Sept 12 in Vocal and Instrumental Music. For catalogue address Henry B. Moyer, Freeburg, Pa.
No 31—3t

Lamp-chimneys cost so little that we let them go on breaking. We go on buying and grumbling.
What should we do?
Get Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass;" they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.
They are fine, well made, exact; they fit the lamps they are made for; stand upright; the shade is right; they make a right draught for light; they are uniform. Both bear a label for your protection. Look for it.
Be willing to pay a nickel more and stop this constant expense and annoyance.
Pittsburgh, Pa. GEO. A. MACBETH & Co.

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PRICE 50 CTS.
IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.
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PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
Physicians Couldn't Cure.
SEDAMSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1890.
One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried unsuccessfully for eight months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. HUEBNER.
DELHI, Ont., June 14, 1891.
My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; she has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to any one suffering from that dreadful malady, "Epilepsy." JOHN GRANT.
BROCKTON, Mass., June 17, 1890.
About a year ago I noticed my right hand continually shaking. I tried different medicines but they all had no effect. * * * After using three or four bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic my hand ceased to shake and I found myself gaining every day. I think this medicine is one of the greatest remedies.
THOS. O'REILLY.
FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5.
Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

RUPTURE
DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year at special rates, at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet

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CURES IN A DAY
A New and Wonderful Discovery
which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.
Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.
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PRICE, 75 CENTS.
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Will cure without Medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.
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Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlet, sealed, free by mail. Address
SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
No. 819 Broadway NEW YORK.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis.	Westward A.M	A.M	P.M.
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	5.2	4 56	9 28	4 33
Eagleville—f	5.9	4 59	9 30	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 58	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 19	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 29	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	28.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 39
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 12	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1120	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 26	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 40	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 38	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 46	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis.	Eastward P. M.	P.M.	A.M.
TYRONE		7 55	2 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	2 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	2 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	2 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	2 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	2 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	2 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 26	2 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	2 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 04
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 38
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 10
Mt. Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 40
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 18	9 46
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 39	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis. P.M	A.M	Stations	Dis. Eastward A.M	P.M
5 05	1 31	SCOTIA	25.6 9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21 5.3	Fairbrook	20.3 9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28 8.7	Penns. Furnace	16.9 8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34 10.6	Hostler f	15.0 8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46 12.3	Marengo f	13.3 8 46	4 01
5 57	10 52 13.5	Loreville f	12.1 8 37	3 75
6 04	10 58 15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4 8 31	3 40
6 08	11 02 15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8 8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10 18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4 8 19	3 29
6 25	11 20 20.5	Pennington	5.1 8 10	3 10
6 40	11 32 23.5	Stover	2.1 7 58	3 1
6 50	11 40 25.6	TYRONE	7 50	2 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.15 p m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.
S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890.

Dis.	Westward P.m.	p.m.		a.m.	Eastward a.m.	p.m.
	4.00	7.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	4.15	7.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.10	5.35
1.5	4.15	7.25	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar	.....	9.10	5.35
5.4	4.29	7.35	Biehl f	.....	9.00	5.26
6.5	4.35	7.40	Vicksburg f	.....	8.53	5.20
10.7	4.45	7.50	MIFFLINBURG	.....	8.43	5.10
13.4	4.52	7.57	Barber f	.....	8.36	5.0
15.2	4.58	8.03	Ewngle f	.....	8.30	4.5
16.1	5.00	8.05	Millmont f	.....	8.27	4.5
18.8	7.15	8.14	LAURELTON	.....	8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	8.25	Pardee f	.....	8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	8.38	Cherry Run f	.....	7.53	4.22
32.3	7.43	8.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f	.....	7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	8.54	Ingleby f	.....	7.39	4.07
36.6	7.59	9.00	Coburn	.....	7.29	4.00
39.6	8.03	4.08	Zerby f	.....	7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs	.....	7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave f	.....	7.05	3.36
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL	.....	6.58	3.29
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f	.....	6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall	.....	6.45	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.46	OAK HALL	.....	6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT	.....	6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f	.....	6.29	
62.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f	.....	6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f	.....	6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE	.....	6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD 12	10	8	1	2		WESTWARD 1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar——Lv	am	am	during	pm	pm
6 35		5 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		3 31		8 44	Fillmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 10		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29		5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35		5 30		
5 31		3 08		8 18	Krumrine	7 21		11 18		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.
THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

WESTWARD.
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily ... 11 25 p m
" " Harrisburg "

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary, "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley, " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover,	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg " E P,	Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard " N. G.	Fletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty " D M	Burlew	Blanchard
Marion " S H	Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buffalo Run
Penn " W F	Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	J. K, McMullen	SnowShoe
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

PROTECTION PROVED.

The Finance Committee of the Senate took a wise and elevated view of their duty in the solution of public problems when they agreed among themselves, Republicans and Democrats alike, that some statistics should be collected to assist in solving the tariff problem that could be accepted with confidence by both sides. It was with this in view that the committee entered upon its labor of ascertaining the course of price and wages before and after the passage of the McKinley law. The subcommittee appointed to do the work, in submitting their report, say:

"In order to give the statistics collected the weight of undoubted authority, the the committee decided at the outset with entire unanimity that the inquiry should be extended only to such subjects and be carried on through such agencies and by such methods as were approved by the unanimous voice of the committee, and this plan was scrupulously followed in all decisions as to the character, general scope, and details of the investigation. All concurred in the view that if the facts could be secured in such manner as to create general confidence in their accuracy a great step forward would be taken in the solution of important economic problems. There was no expectation that the members of the committee would agree about the political or even the economic bearings of the facts ascertained; but all were desirous that hereafter there should be no reason to question the integrity of the facts."

When Senator Aldrich made his great speech on the tariff, which was the keynote of the Republican contention, he accepted the facts and figures of the committee's report without cavil. When Senator Carlisle, the ablest and most candid of the Democratic "tariff for revenue" adherents, made his speech on the same subject, he accepted the facts presented by the committee, after its exhaustive investigation, without question of their reliability. Each man construed these facts as best he could to suit his theory. That each did this is evidence that the facts stated in the report are indubitably established, so far as painstaking and impartial investigation can establish them.

A report by so high and impartial an authority, aided by the most skilled and scientific statisticians, was bound to attract widespread attention on a subject of such universal interest. Time enough has elapsed since the publication for copies to have been received in Europe and in Great Britain. Among such thinkers there as take a scientific interest in the theory of protection, aside from selfish interest looking only to their own or their country's advantage, the report has created a profound impression, as might be expected from its character.

The London *Financial* News is one of the most influential and respected journals in England. In its issue of July 22 it says:

"Is it indeed possible that English critics, in their traditional veneration for the principles of free trade, have been hopelessly and egregiously wrong? Were our own expectations, in common with those of the majority of public commentators, founded on an entire misconception of the probable effects of a protective policy in the States? If this report be not a tissue of artfully contrived fabrications it would really seem that these questions ought to be answered in the affirmative. It is, of course, far from improbable that the report has been prepared by adherents of McKinleyism. The time of its publication is at least suspiciously opportune, and parly zeal in America would scarcely hesitate at even such a method of demolishing opposition. But, when all is said and done, there stands the positive statements of the subcommittee in all their force. According to these, the cost of living has actually declined in the United States since the adoption of the McKinley act, whereas in Great Britain it has increased. We rub our eyes in amazement! Were those prophetic voices right after all, which foretold an era of prosperity for the people of the United States, as a result of their fostering home industry by means of a wall of hostile tariffs?

"If the conclusions of the sub-committee are really borne out by the improved conditions of the people, the Americans will undoubtedly be able henceforth to put forward a substantial justification for their protective policy. We might perhaps go further, and say that free traders, all the world over, will be strongly inclined to reconsider their position. If such a view could be sustained in an exhaustive and impartial inquiry, the members of the Cobden Club would be compelled to adopt a new set of arguments in favor of their cherished creed, or the conventional shibboleths of a party which had outlived its reputation for sagacity would have to go ignominiously by the board.

"Free trade has hitherto been held up to our reverent regard, on the ground that in opening our markets without hindrance to all sorts of foreign competition we conferred upon the public the enormous benefit of cheapening the cost of living. The distrust of this theory, hinted at by Lord Salisbury in May last, would no doubt bo accentuated if it turned out that protection in the United States had brought about such a result, while free trade in Great Britain had done the opposite."

It should be understood that while there is still a wide divergence of opinion among different scientific thinkers of high authority as to the value of protective tariffs, yet the trend of the best modern thought is steadily against the old laissez faire school, so well represented by the present dominant element of the Democratic party. The so-called German historical school of political economy has modified many of the theories of the earlier thinkers to the advantage of the protective theory, and especially as regards so wide and varied an area as is comprised in the domain of the United States. The Senate Finance Committee' report may be looked upon to go far towards settling definitely the long-argued much-vexed problem. That a representative of the conservative English opinion on the subject should take such a view as that above quoted is significant of how it will finally be settled.

CALAMITY WAIL AND THE FACTS.

We deny that there has been any increase of prosperity since the (McKinley) tariff went into effect—*Democratic National Platform.*

It is within the mark to say that the volume of trade in July, as indicated by clearing-house exchanges, was fully 15 per cent. larger than in any previous year, in spite of a decline of 5 per cent. in prices since a year ago. Imports were enormous, exceeding last year's over 19 per cent., which is proof of great activity in domestic manufactures and consumption—*Dun's Weekly Review of Trade. Aug.* 6, 1892

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF IT.

A smart young democrat residing in an Ohio town, with a very good opinion of himself, not long since had a chance to make a speech on the issues between the parties and he availed himself of it for all it was worth.

He was immensely pleased with his effort and was sure he was going to have a call to go on the stump with the greatest speakers of the campaign. The next day after his speech he met an old wheelhorse.

"Well, sir," he said with evident vanity, "what did you think of my speech?"

"Um—er—ah," hesitated the wheelhorse, "I'm not sure—that is, not dead sure—but I think the republicans can afford to hire you at $50 a week and expenses to deliver that speech during the campaign, and declare a dividend in votes on the investment."

Candidates for the Legislature and for Congress are being nominated by the People's Party in the districts of the central and western part of the State. And names of but very few of these canditates will get on the official ballot. There are not enough People's Party followers in many of the districts to prepare nominating papers.

RINGING WORDS.

From a Prominent and Eminent Divine

STATEMENTS THAT ARE TRUE AND STRAIGHT TO THE POINT.

READ WHAT HE SAYS, FOR HIS WORDS ARE OF GREAT AND PECULIAR INTEREST.

No one knows better than the faithful pastor the great value of sound physical and nerve strength. The strain upon brain and nerve, the physical exhaustion following excessive work, the responsibilities and sympathies with afflictions and the myriad cares make the earnest preacher's duties arduous and wearing in the extreme.

We do not wonder, therefore, at the strong and ringing words of praise which the eminent divine, Rev. C. D. R. Meacham, gives the most wonderful of medicines, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. When he was run down in health, weak in nerves, prostrated in strength, he was restored to sound and vigorous health by this marvellous health renewer.

Here are the exact facts in his own words:

"I am very glad to say in regard to Dr. Greene's great remedy that when my blood was badly impoverished by an old scrofula humor, and my nervous system was greatly impaired, Dr. Greene's medicine gave me wonderful relief.

"At the present time my health is as good as at any time in my life, and my confidence in Dr. Greene's remedy is constantly increasing.

Rev. C. D. R. MEACHAM,
Pastor Baptist Church, Townsend, Vt."

We have published the testimonials of vast numbers of people who were cured by the use of the great discovery, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, but we take more pleasure in giving to the world Rev. Mr. Meacham's own words in regard to the wondeful benefits he receives from this valuable remedy, because we realize that the earnest words of a minister will have great weight with sufferers from disease, and everybody who reads his convincing words in regard to the sure and remarkable curative powers of this medicine will lose no time in securing a bottle and thus obtain a cure.

It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and is kept by all druggists at $1.00.

Its discoverer is the well-known Dr. Greene of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, who gives consultation and advice free to the sick, personally or by letter. The sick should use immediately Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, for it is not only the best remedy ever discovered, but those using it have the privilege of consulting Dr. Greene concerning its effects, their health, etc. This fact alone guarantees the assurance of cure. If you need a medicine do not fail to take this best of all remedies.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength and building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it has failed to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, O
☞Sold by Druggist's 75cts.

TO THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

Undoubtedly the most interesting encampment of G. A. R. men ever held will convene at Washington during September. The interest manifested in the encampment has been national, and the Govearment and local authorities in the national City are making elaborate preparations for entertaining the old soldiers.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines to Washington from September 13th to 20th, valid for return until October 10th, inclusive, at the rate of a single fare for the round trip.

These tickets will be good to stop off at Baltimore and Philadelphia in each direction without limit. A stopover privilege will also be allowed at Harrisburg and other points south of Washington on foreign roads' issue of tickets from the West.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has also issued one of the most comprehensive guides as yet compiled of the National Capital.

—It will be a nice excursion for the grangers and all those in attendance at the picnic next week at grange Park to come to Bellefonte on Monday evening to see Jane Combs in Garman's opera house. It will be a nice treat.

—This ought to be a good fall for the prohibition campaign inasmuch as the scarcity of the apple crop will make cider very scarce and hard to get.

HOW THEY ENTHUSE.

A democratic solicitor was out working up enthusiasm and trying to raise $10,000 for campaign purposes. In his rambles he came across one of those dyed-in-the wool democrats, who is still voting for Andy Jackson.

"You are a democrat, I presume?" observed the solicitor, after a preliminary greeting.

"Never done anything," was the proud rejoinder.

"You are aware that the democratic canvass is based upon opposition to plutocratic rule, and the excessive taxation of the many for the few?"

"So I've heard."

"The people are eager to break the money power in politics, and to restore the government to the whole people."

"That so?"

"Yes, and they need help."

"So?"

"Their victories are recent, and many were unexpected."

"I reckon you're right."

"Organization is imperfect."

"You don't say?"

"Means are lacking for the advancement of educational work in an educational campaign."

"So I've been told."

"They need money now; we have laid the foundation of a democratic campaign bound to be built up by popular subscription; we have secured the contributions of many of our friends, and we want yours."

"That's buisness," and the deyed-in-the wool went down in his pocket, "and I'm willin' to give my moral support and material aid in securin' a great national victory every time. Here's ten cents, an' if you'll come around next week to my house, the old waman will go a nickel more. She's great on politics, and is dead sot on havin' a democrat in the White House for four years more."

THE THIRD PARTY.

Adlai: "What do you think of the Third Party?"

Grover: "Three's a crowd."

Adlai: "That's so, and it doesn't seem to be coming our way as much as we thought, does it?"

Right or Wrong.

Which will you have? It does seem as if some folks prefer to have the last condition of the liver rather than the first. They perpetually dose themselves with purgatives totally without virtue as alteratives of liver trouble. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the successful candidate for the people's choice, and yet, popular and well known as it is, there are unfortunates who keep on trying the drastic remedies of former days. It is to the intelligent portion of the public that the well known and long tried properities of the Bitters appeal. Reason should be guided by experience in the matter of medication.

"The best guide to our feet is the lamp of experience," said a great patriot of the early revolutionary period, and the exclamation is pregnant with truth. For over a third of a century the Bitters daily has met with the endorsement of people suffering from liver complaint, malaria,

The intelligent chivalry of Mississippi have fixed up a constitutional requirement that makes it possible to disfranchise black people while allowing illiterate whites to vote. But what if there should come a time when a division of opinion arises among the chivalry and each side needs the votes of the "damniggers" in order to win? An embarrassment might arise as to how the thing could be settled. For instance, Jones, the nominee of the regular Democracy, could not have been elected in Alabama the other day with such a requirement in force as that in the Mississippi constitution—because the colored people whose votes elected him could not have voted.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

On Saturday, September 3d, there was a meeting of the stockholders of the State College Water Company. They met at the office of Mr. J. M. Thompson and elected the following list of officers to serve during the ensuing year:

President—W. C. Patterson.

Secretary and Treasurer—John W. Stuart.

Board of Directors—W. C. Patterson, John W. Stuart, Thomas Foster, William Foster, Jr. William Witmer, S. D. Shugert.

—Work on the alteration and improvement of the Presbyterian church is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible and it looks now as if the big organ would be in place and ready for operation long before Christmas, the date set for its completion.

—'Squire Foster, in the court house, is called upon to administer for more cases of "heart trouble" than any physician in Bellefonte. And the Squire generally has a remedy, too, though sometimes it may be a little severe.

SQUIRE STEVENSON has mapped out his route for the campaign. He will begin in Indiana, carrom on North Carolina, take a shy at New York, and will return to Illinois in time to swipe the dust from his feet.

HIS JAGLETS.

Tom Watson now on Southern stumps
So lets his wild tongue wag on,
That those who hear him, weeping cry,
"Behold, hath Tom a jag on?"

—In the fight at New Orleans Monday night Jack McAuliffe knocked out Ed. Meyers in the sixteenth round and won the light-weight championship belt of the world. Next on the list is the Sullivan-Corbett bout.

Wonderfully Successful in All Chronic Diseases

——DISEASES OF THE——

Ear, Eye, Nose, Throat, Lungs and Nasal Catarrh.

ALL EYE OPERATIONS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED BY THEM.

DR. MORITZ SALM

——WILL BE AT——

THE BUSH HOUSE,

Bellefonte, Pa.,

SATURDAYS—JUNE 25, JULY 23, AUG. 20, SEPT. 17, OCT. 15, NOV. 12, DEC. 10, JAN. 7, FEB. 4, MAR. 4, APR. 1 & 29, MAY 27, JUNE 24. ALSO

ONE DAY ONLY.

Examination and Consultation FREE to Everybody.

They will visit this county every four weeks, thus saving their patients the trouble and expense of visiting the city, as they are the only physicians and surgeons in the country who carry their own manakins, models, diagrams, etc., to illustrate and make it plain to all afflicted the cause and nature of their disease. This will give their numerous patients and others who are in need of medical treatment an opportunity to consult these distinguished physicians whose duties at the Institute will permit only monthly visits to your community.

EPILEPSY AND INSANITY.

My daughter Alice had epilepsy to such a degree as to make her idiotic. She was of no use for work, and was not able to recognize any one, we brought her to Dr. Salm for treatment, and the improvement the Dr. worked on her is wonderful. She can work again, has her right mind, no more fits and can talk intelligibly with any one, and is hale and hearty again. JACAB SHAFFER.
Mechanicsburg, Pa. Oct. 21, 1891.

RUNNING OF THE EAR AND DEAFNESS CURED.

For the last eight years my little daughter, Bertha, has had a severe case of running of the ear, the odor was fearful, she became pale, thin and generally complained, but after a course of treatment with Dr. Salm, she is hale and hearty, all running of the ear has stopped and her hearing before having been bad is good again. We recommend the doctor.
I G JONES.

Our daughter Mary has been crosseyed since birth, she is now 14 years old, and this day we brought her to Dr. Salm, who visits Indiana every four weeks, an operation was made of not more than a minute's duration, and was without pain no chloroform being given The eye is now as straight as any one's.
THOS. A JOHNSTON
SUE M JOHNSTON.
Advance, Indiana Co., Pa., Nov. 20, 1890.

CATARRH & BRONCHITIS CURED.

Dr. M. Salm treated me for catarrh and bronchitis. I had been affected with it for years and was incapacitated for any work and suffered with sleeplessness, but now consider myself entirely cured. Will be glad to answer any questions pertaining to the above testimonial gratefully. JOHN NEWDORFER.
Delmont, Pa.

Diseases of Women, such as have baffled the skill of all other physicians and remedies, quickly cured. Cancers, Tumors, fibroid and polypoid growths cured without the use of the knife or caustics. No cutting, no pain no danger.

Manhood perfectly restored. Quick, painless, and certain cure for impotence, lost manhood, spermatorrhœa losses, weak and nervous debility, also for prostatis, vericocele, and all private diseases, whether from imprudent habits of youth or sexual functions, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Absolute cure guaranteed. No risk incurred. Free examination of the Urine—each persons applying for medical treatment should send or bring 2 to 4 ounces of urine, which will receive a careful chemical and microscopic examination. Small Tumors, Cancers, Warts, Moles, etc., removed without acids, knife, pain or scar. New method Electroysis. Epilepso or fits scientifically treated and positively cured by a never-failing method. Address all communications to BOX 760. Columbus, Ohio. Examination and consultation free to everybody.

LUNG TROUBLE & CATARRH CURED

I have had lung trouble and a bad case of catarrh for years, my breathing became very laborious about a year before I came to Dr. M Salm under treatment, and I was unable to do any work whatever, appetite all gone and I became a complete physical wreck and I could see in my friends' eyes that they gave me up for lost. However, after all this, I consider myself now entirely cured, breathing good, no more catarrh, can work all day and feel happy once more; thanks to this great doctor. LIZZIE ALLISON.
Oct. 22, 1891. Blairsville Intersection.

REMOVAL OF POLIPUS.

For the last 12 years I have been troubled with catarrh and for the last 3 years could not breathe through my nostrils; had tried several doctors, and patent medicine in abundance without avail. Dr. Salm, of Columbus, said I had polipus in connection with catarrh; he removed them for me and I breathe again comfortably through both nostrils; altogether I am feeling much better and find myself on the highway to recovery.
WM. ROSENBERGER,
18 Muskingum St.,
June 27, 1880. Massillon, O.

WE THOUGHT SHE COUEDN'T LIVE BUT A FEW MONTHS LONGER.

My daughter has been under Dr. Salm's treatment for catarrh for six months, before that time her breath smelled fearfully, she was pale, weak and emaciated, and we thought she couldn't live but a few months longer; however, to-day she is entirely cured from that fearful malady and is in good health as anyone may wish for, not a vestige of the catarrh being apparent. Thanks to Dr Salm's wonderful treatment. AUGUST PETERS.
April 4, 1890 P. O. Box, 466, Massillon.

☞Our Advertisement will Appear Twice Before Each Visit

TELEGRAPHY.

A young man or woman who desires to become a Telegraph operator, may hear of an unusual opportunity to learn by addressing W. W. DUNLAP, 606 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23 21 4t

Mrs. Anna Sutherland

Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, or Goitre From her 10th year, causing 40 Years great suffering. When she caught cold could not walk two blocks without fainting. She took

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And is now free from it all. She has urged many others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and they have also been cured. It will do you good.

HOOD'S PILLS Cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, billousness, sour stomach, nauses.

SOMETHING NEW.

The Celebrated "Clauss" Bread, Cake and Paring Knife Manufacturers want agents in every locality to handle these knives. Best thing in the market. Present agents clear from $10 to $15 daily. Send $1.00 for sample set. THE CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Fremont, O.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712.

FOR SALE.—A Truss for children from two weeks to four years old. Pronounced by one of the best physicians in Bellefonte to be the best article known for the use it is intended. Will not hurt the child or prevent it from growing, and is waaranted to cure the trouble. Apply to Charles Garrett, No 230 S. Spring street, Bellefonte. Prices reasonable V23 No27 tf

EUREKA!

OUR MOTTO:

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES bu now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23–25–26–28–35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

The following transfers of real estate have been entered on record in the Recorder's office in Centre county:

Mrs. Mary Taylor to Rt. Rev. Thomas McGovern, D. D., in trust, lot of ground in Philipsburg. Consideration $1; deed dated July 18, 1892.

Michael Miller and wife to Rebecca Roush, lot of ground in Miles township. Consideration $10,150; deed dated Jan 11, 1888.

Heirs of Michael Bierley, deed, to Rachel Ocker; lot of ground in Miles township. Consideration $154,25; deed dated March 31, 1885.

J Thornton Osmond to Ephraim Glenn, lot of ground in College township. Consideration $375; deed dated July 6 1892.

A B McNitt to Mrs. Sarah E Philips, lot of ground in Gregg township. Consideration $125; deed dated May 28, 1891.

Harry K Hoy, widower, and others, to B E V R R Co., lot of ground in Snow Shoe. Consideration $1; deed dated July 31, 1892.

A G Morris and wife to B E V R R Co., lot of ground in Spring township. Consideration $1; deed dated November 8, 1890.

George W Lyon and wife and others to A M Brown and others, lot of ground in Ferguson township. Consideration $35,000; deed dated March 9, 1892.

F C Rittenhouse and wife to Paul Masaros, lot of ground in Rush township. Consideration $100; deed dated January 8, 1891.

Jacob Gross and wife to Robert Kellock, lot of ground in Philipsburg. Consideration, $450; deed dated March 21, 1892.

Adam Kerstetter and others, executors, to Jacob Witmyer, lot of ground in Penn township. Consideration $110. deed dated July 4, 1892.

John P Stiver to Joseph Hamster lot of ground in Worth township. Consideration $500; deed dated August 22, 1891.

John Gunsallus and wife to Sarah McGilley, lot of ground in Snow Shoe. Consideration, $6000; deed dated August 20, 1892.

Thos. Merryman's heirs to Pius S Richard, lot of ground in Taylor township. Consideration $534; deed dated April 20, 1892.

P B Crider and others to Jacob Harnish, lot of ground in Snow Shoe. Consideration $600, deed dated August 25, 1892.

Theodore P Lucas and wife to George Katcha, lot of ground in Snow Shoe. Consideration, $300; deed dated December 8, 1891.

W A Ishler, Sheriff, to Mrs. Lavina Wyland, lot of ground in Boggs township. Consideration, $1600; deed dated August 20, 1892.

Maria J. Ricketts and others to Alexander J. McCoy, lot of ground in Potter township. Consideration, $200; deed dated December 18, 1891.

John I Thompson, Jr., and others, executors, to W Sylvester Jackson, lot of ground in College township. Consideration, $100; deed dated Feburary 1, 1892.

HICKS' PREDICTION FOR SEPTEMBER.

September will open pleasant, with perhaps very cool nights northward Venus, the producer of extremes in temperature has the centre of her period on the 7th. This will excite the reactionary 3d and 4th into heat storm and sudden, severe change. From 7 to 12 is a period of equinoctial danger on land and sea. Many good rains during this period, and cool weather, with frost to the north will follow. Warm days with electrical storms on 14 and 15. The 19th to 23d is a decidedly marked storm period. The sun squarely on our equator with moon between us. Watch 20 and 21 and 22. Explained in September *World and Works*. The 26th is the centre of two to three days disturbances. Month will end warm, with storms forming in the West.

NEW MONNEY ORDERS.

This month the new postal money orders will go into use. The system is such that there is little or no complication, and at the same time it is a good way to send money. A sheet calling for amounts from one cent to $3 has been prepared, and which on payment of one cent and the amount to be sent, will be torn off about the same as an express order. There will be no writting on it by the postmaster, the sender endorsing it as a check or draft. The government guarantees its safe transportation. It is thought that the system will be used extensively by senders of small amounts.

REUNION OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that for the benefit of those desiring to attend the interesting reunion of the Army of Cumberland, to be held at Chattanooga, Tenn., September 15th and 16th, a rate of a fare and a third on the certificate plan has been authorized. Applications should be made to T. E. Watt, Passenger Agent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa.

—Albert Hoy, who for the past three years has so ably filled the position of mailing clerk in the Bellefonte postoffice, has passed his examination and will enter State College as a student of that institution at the opening of the fall term. The vacancy caused by his departure will be filled by John Miller, son of Charles Miller, late an employee of the Phoenix Plaining Mill company.

DEATH'S MARK.

The death messenger has again visited this community, removing a venerable and highly esteemed citizen in the person of Mr. John C. Calhoun. His death occured last Thursday morning about half past nine o'clock at the residence of his son, Mr. Al. Calhoun, a short distance beyond Cold Stream, and it was certainly very sudden and unexpected. He had previously strolled out to a field not far distant to gather some mullen leaves, and on his return told his daughter-in-law that he was not feeling well. She proceeded immediately to arrange a bed for him on the lounge, on which to lie down, and while thus engaged he walked behind the stove and dropped dead.

The deceased was born near Unionville, this county, on October 10, 1810, and was consequently nearly 85 years old. His wife died seven years ago last March, since which time he has made his home with his son Al. near this place. He is survived by two daughters and two sons—Mrs. Harris Kirk and Mrs. Alex. Cox. of this place; Al., also of this place, and Frank, who resides in Elk county.

Mr. Calhoun was a carpenter by occupation, and in his earlier years followed the trade in this place. He was well and favorably known, and his death will be deeply regretted.

The remains were taken to Unionville on Saturday morning and interred in the cemetery of that place.—Philipsburg *Journal*.

FIRE IN NITTANY.

At abont ten o'clock Sunday night the large barn on the farm of Elias Snyder, situated in the East end of Nittany Valley, was discovered to be on fire. The discovery was made by Mr. Snyder's daughter, who saw the flames shooting through the roof of the structure and immediately gave the alarm. Soon the neighbors gathered, but it was out of the question to save the building and therefore the efforts of the people were bent toward saving as much as possible of the contents. All of the live stock was saved with the exception of one or two cows and a calf. Some of the agricultural implements were destroyed, and some saved, together with the vehicles. All of this and part of last year's wheat crop, nearly one thousand bushels, six or seven hundred bushels of oats and a large amount of hay were burned. The origin of the fire is not known. The loss could not be learned today, nor the amount of insurance. Our informant said he believed Mr. Snyder had the barn insured in the Sugar Valley company.

TO THE G. A. R.

All comrades and posts of the G. A. R. of Centre country who intend going to the National Encampment at Washington, D. C., are requested to report to the undersigned immediately the number going, when and from what station they will start, as free sleeping quarters have been secured, and the report has to be forwarded to the proper committee. From orders received from department headquarters all comrades must wear the uniform cap, badge and coat, and dark pantaloons and white gloves. No comrade allowed in the line of parade unless in full uniform, all comrades to take a woolen blanket for covering.

THOS. R. BENNER,
Adjutant Gregg Post No 96,
Bellefonte, Pa.

—The annual Pittsburg Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church met in Houtzdale September 7. The Rev. J. F. Dyer, A. E., of Youngstown, O., is president. The general conference of this body was held in May. It numbers about 170,000 members, with 2,584 ministers. It has 46 annual conferences, and over 400 Christian Endeavor Societies, with the work of organizing not more than half done. There is the utmost harmony through out the entire church. Its doctrines are Methodistic, but its government is Presbyterian. It has but one order of ministers, and all are equal. The appointments are made by a committee of laymen and ministers elected by the conferences, after all delegates and every minister have been consulted. This church claims to have a happy blending of itinerancy congregationalism.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Are the main-stay of our republic. In them are being cultivated the minds which are to be our future lawmakers and leaders in every walk in life. How essential it is that these minds should be united to strong healthy bodies. So many children suffer from impurities and poisons in the blood that it is a wonder that they ever grow up to be men and women. Many parents cannot find words strong enough to express their gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for its effect upon their children. Scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of the blood are effectually and permanently cured by this excellent medicine and the whole being is given strength to resist attacks of disease.

MERELY A SUGGESTION.

"By George," exclaimed a testy democratic congressman, "two-thirds of the men who want me to give them a chance to assist me for pay can't read."

"Why don't you try a republican, now and then?" put in a listener, and the M. C. got mad about it.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, SEPT. 7, '92

The President's formal letter accepting the republican Presidental nomination, is just what every Republican had a right to expect from so good a republican as Benjamin Harrison. Like all the rest of the President's public utterances it is written in plain, understandable English; it contains no line nor word that needs any explanation, or that any patriotic republican would care to have changed; it stands squared-toed and flat-footed upon the principles of the Republican party as set forth by the national platform adopted by the Minneapolis convention, without dragging in any frills or side issues of any kind; it adds another proof to those already existing that Benjamin Harrison belongs to the class of men who can always be depended upon to do the right thing in the right way and at the right time: It is worthy of a high place among the State papers of the President whose work in that line has never been surpassed, and notwithstanding its unusual length it is bound to be generally read.

So well and so systematically has the work of the citizen's committee been done that the preparations for the reception of visitors to the coming National Encampment of the G. A. R. are practically completed, and nothing has been left undone that can add to the pleasure of those who will attend, either as members or as visitors. Washington will, during the encampment, be decorated and illuminated as no other city in which encampments have been held ever was, and many of the features which have been devised for the entertainment of the veterans would each be worth crossing a continent to see, while there is a general disposition on the part of Washingtonians to give the freedom of the city to the veterans who fought for it so bravely.

Secretary Charles Foster has gone to New York to meet his wife and daughter and Miss Rusk, "Uncle Jerry's" daughter, who are on one of the European steamers due in that city this week. If the vessel they are on falls under the new quarantine regulations the presence of the Secretary's family will not prevent its being detained at the quarantine station just as the other vessels are. Officials here do not anticipate any trouble with the Health Officer at New York over the President's quarantine proclamation.

Judge Crounse has resigned his position as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and will this week go to Nebraska to start his campaign for Governor of that State.

THE P. R. R. COMPANY.

Notice has been issued by the Pennsylvania railroad company to all the freight agents and officers who have charge of stations relative to the disinfection of all buildings along the entire line. It is the intention to make this work as thorough as possible, so that in the event of cholera reaching this country, the disease will not gain a foothold on the road.

The printed circular issued by the general manager of the company, concludes with: "If at any time a case of infectious disease is found at a station, in a passenger car or elsewhere on the company's property, a physician should be immediately sent for. The car should be removed from the train as soon as practicable, the doors locked and it should not be again used until it has been fumigated."

I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.—Z. C. Warren, Rutland, Vt.

I suffered from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my Cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.

FEMALE WEAKNESS,—SURE CURE.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, DR. W. B. MARCHISI, 90 Genessee St., Utica, N. Y. 30 4t

—George William Curtis, one of the greatest writers of the present day, and who was instrumental in making Harper's publications so popular, died at his home in New York last Wednesday.

—This is the last day for assessment and registration. If your name is not on the list see to it before 9 o'clock this evening, if you want to vote in November.

I would like to sound the praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla over the entire universe," writes Mrs. Longenecker of Union Deposit, Penn.

—It is expected that 35,000 baskets of peaches will be shipped from Mifflin station this season as Juniata's crop of that lucious fruit.

THERE is a painful lack of Dan Lamont in the vicinity of Gray Gables. Dan is a great man with a blue pencil.—*Washington Post*.

—Altoona will have Forepaugh on the 17th, while Bellefonte will likely go without any kind of a show this summer.

A RELATIONSHIP PROBLEM.

Two ladies out walking met a gentleman; he raised his hat to one, and the other said: "Do you know that gentleman?" The other lady replied his mother was my mother's only child. The publishers of the LADIES' PICTORAL WEEKLY will give an elegant CHICKERING PIANO valued at five hundred dollars to the first person telling the relationship existing between the gentleman and lady speaking last An elegant suit of PARLOR FURNITURE, valued at two hundred dollars will be given for second correct answer. A first class combination ladies or gentleman's BICYCLE valued at one hundred and thirty-five dollars, will be given for third correct answer. An elegant suit of BED-ROOM FURNITURE, valued at seventy-five dollars dollars will be given to fourth correct answer. Ten elegant GOLD WATCHES (good movement) will be given for each of the next ten correct answers, and a VALUABLE PRIZE will be given to EVERY Person that answers this problem correctly. We are publishing the very best and handsomest Ladies' Weekly publication for the price on the continents it equals all the high priced weekly publications, and our object in awarding these prizes is to introduce it into new homes and make permament subscribers. We guarantee that every person answering this problem correctly will receive a valuable prize that will enable us to secure their friends as subscribers. Every one Answering must enclose one dollar for a six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORAL WEEKLY. which is published by a perfectly reliable firm. Prizes will de sent promptly and just as represented. Contestants should answer to-day as date of post-mark counts and this advertisment appeared all over the country on the same day. Prizes will be sent free of customs duty. Address LADIES PICTORAL WEEKLY, "H" Toronto, Canada.

—To those who have read any of the prior numbers of "Tales From Town Topics." it is quite sufficient to merely announce that No 5 (Sept.) is now out, and they will hasten to get a copy. To those who have been so unfortunate as not to have seen this brilliant Quarterly, we can say that a rich treat is in store for them. No collection of short, racy, intence stories, charming bright poems and sketches, crackling jokes and witticisms, comparing with this has ever been produced. TOWN TOPICS is world-famed as the spiciest, boldest most entertaining of Weeklies, and the "Tales" are the best gleanings from its numbers of past years. No, 5 is fully equal to, if not better than, its sparkling predecessors. Price, 50 cents, post-paid. TOWN TOPICS, 21 West 23d street, New York.

THE strikes which occur in this country are nearly always caused by the prospects offered the laboring men for bettering their conditions. They see reasons which entitle them to hope for improvement and they grow impatient to enjoy it and strike to enforce their demands for it. These are not the hopes that strikers in other countries have any grounds for harboring.

STORMY VACATION DAYS.

MADE PLEASANT.

Did you ever have a Vacation without some stormy days, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a short crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Waverley Magazine, of different dates, for $1.00 postpaid, will supply you with about 400 short, clean and complete stories, jokes. etc. The same amount of reading in the trashy 15c novel, would cost you $12. Send stamp for sample. Address.

WAVERLY MAGAZINE,
Box 172, Boston, Mass.

GOOD TEMPLAR CONVENTION.

The tenth semi-annual convention of Centre-Clearfield district, No. 7, Independent Order of Good Templars, will convene in the Grand Army hall, Philipsburg, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 20th and 21st insts. The different lodges of the district are electing their representatives at this time, and a very enjoyable as well as profitable session is anticipated. Cold Streams Mozart chorus will render some of the music on the occasion. The convention will be under the supervision of Forest Home lodge. Rev. Marshall C. Piper, of Osceola, is the district chief templar, and Mr. W. H. Brown, of Osceola, is district secretary.

BUFFALO PHOTOGRAPHS.

These photos are of the last of the Buffalo and are an ornament to any home. 8x10 in. photo of herd of 45, 25 cts. Single buffalo, 8x10 in. 25 cts. The 10x12 in. size herd, 35 cts. Single buffalo 10x12 in. 35 cts. These photos are works of art, finely finished, genuine buffalo color, and will be mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Address

32 2t) J. W. ROBINSON, Franklin, Neb.

—The postoffice at Bald Eagle station on the B. E. V. railroad was broken open several nights ago and a lot of postage stamps, postal cards and other valuables taken. Hoover's store near the station was also robbed the same night of clothing, boots and shoes valued at several hundred dollars. It is supposed the thieves live in the neighborhood.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

The Sunday papers will arrive in Bellefonte on Sunday afternoon hereafter between three and four o'clock, regular subscribers can receive them by leaving their order with Dunhamo News Depot No 7 North High St. 23—31 tf.

THE Watch-Dog of the Treasury from Aurora. Ind., must see blood on the moon from the manner in which he has stuck his tail between his legs and howls.

—A watermelon party will be held at the residence of Mr. Harry Schreyer, on Allegheny street this evening.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Consumption

That dreaded and dreadful disease! What shall stay its ravages? *Thousands say* Scott's Emulsion of pure Norwegian cod liver oil and hypophosphites of lime and soda has *cured* us of consumption in its first stages. Have you a cough or cold acute or leading to consumption? Make no delay but take

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

A LEADER.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Tatisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

EMPLOYMENT — TO WHOLESALE GOODS. Advertise and secure local Salesmen. Salary $50 to $100 per month. Expenses advanced. State salary wanted, also your preference for home work or traveling. Sloan & Co., Mfrs. 294 George St., Cincinnati, O. 30 2t

BOOTS & SHOES.

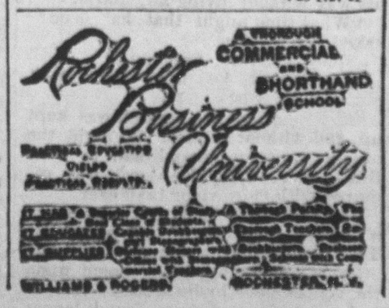
JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V23 N27 tf



Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 85
Mixed wheat per bushel	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Barley	50
Cloverseed, fair to good	7,80
do prime and extra prime	8 00
do choice	8,40
Flour, retail, per barrel	5,00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10.00
" prime timothy " "	12.00
" choice " " "	15.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	40
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	12
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	12½
Potatoes, per bushel	30
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	35
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25

WANTED—SALESMAN: Salary from start, permanent place. Brown Bros. Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, New York. 30 4t

WALTERS' METALIC SHINGLES are made from the best brands of roofing Tin plate, and steel sheets galvanized. You can buy them painted or not. Our Galvanized Shingles are rain and rust proof, without the necessity of painting. Our painted Tin Shingles are more durable and ornamental than it is possible to make a tin roof, put on in the old fashioned style. Write for price list R. THE NATIONAL SHEET METAL ROOFING CO., 9, Cliff street, New York. 23 23 26t

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

The Consumptive and Feeble and all who suffer from exhausting diseases should use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Female weakness, Rheumatism and Pain. 50c. & $1.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15cts, at Druggists.

Dr. HOXIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER

Its peculiar action on the mucous membranes of the throat, render it also a powerful curative agency in severe attacks of Croup, Diptheria, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. 50c. Sold by prominent druggists throughout the state. 30 4t

THAT GIRL.

"I never in all my life did see the like of that girl! I don't believe there's another of her sort in all California. I hope not, anyway!"

Mrs. Fromer stood in the doorway of her rude little cabin and looked with interest and disapproval up the mountain road. There was nobody but little four-year-old Jerry for her to talk to, and he was too busy to pay any attention, but with the performances of "that girl" for a subject Mrs. Fromer must talk.

"There! Did anybody ever see anything to equal that? Why, she just got onto that dog's back and made him jump over that rock as if he was a horse. What in the world is she up to now? Well, I do declare."

Quite overcome by astonishment and dismay, the woman had to stop talking for a moment, and stood in breathless silence watching the strange goings on which had so upset her mind.

And no wonder, for the pranks she was witnessing were enough to make any woman with fixed ideas of propriety feel a little faint and giddy. It might be supposed that Mrs. Fromer would have become used to such pranks by this time, but she had not. Nobody did become used to them, it seemed. Consequently Hilo Mountain, although it was not a volcano, was always in a state of disturbance, because "that girl" was continually doing something extraordinary.

Just now, without knowing—or caring—that she had a spectator, she was rehearsing a sort of Wild West show in the rocky road a little way above the Fromer house. There were only two performers—herself and the immense dog she always had with her—but they were so active and versatile and made so much noise that they were more than satisfactory.

It was amusing to see the little midget—she was only thirteen and small for her age—playing Indian and scout and stage driver and giving a really good imitation of each. And she went at her fun with such spirit and enthusiasm that no looker on could help being excited in sympathy.

The dog, a great St. Bernard, was quite as enthusiastic as his mistress and was full of the spirit of the occasion. It was evident that he saw no impropriety at all in this business. He gave it all the assistance in his power and was wonderfully intelligent in his performances.

Suddenly the girl stood upon the dog's back and balanced herself there with the skill of a monkey while the creature scampered up and down the road, leaped over rocks and did many other breakneck things. The girl held a stick in her hand, which she pretended was a gun, and at short intervals she "made believe" to fire the weapon, giving at the same time an Indian whoop.

It was this feature of the show that had caused Mrs. Fromer to exclaim and to hold her breath. It had also attracted the attention of little Jerry Fromer. At once the child was filled with admiration, and ran out into the road to join the fascinating party.

His mother caught and brought him back, not without loud protests on his part. The girl heard his outcries and understood them. She came racing to the house door in the hope of securing another playfellow.

"Let me have him just a little while!" She was panting and flushed and eager; her eyes sparkled and her face was bright and animated. In spite of her unkempt black hair and her torn clothing she looked very pretty and childish then, and there was certainly nothing vicious in the straight look of her pleading eyes.

"Let me have him," she said again. "I'll take right good care of him, and he'll have loads o' fun. Ranter'll be right glad to have him, too."

This last was meant as the highest compliment that could be paid. Any little boy whom the big dog was willing to accept as a playmate was honored indeed.

Jerry kicked in his mother's arms and held out his hands to the girl and begged to go with her, but his mother held him close and moved a step further away.

It was a movement of dislike. The girl understood it. She drew back as if from a blow and she stopped coaxing, while her face lost all its bright animation. She was a very sensitive tomboy, apparently.

"Rilly!"

All turned in a startled way to see that Pete Pelter was standing beside them, with a look in his face that seemed half sad and half angry.

"Why, dad! ye've got back!"

The girl sprung nimbly up and caught her father round the neck, where she clung, kissing his bearded face. The rough mountaineer kissed her in return, just as a better dressed father would have done, and stroked her hair very tenderly.

"All right, ain't ye, Rilly?" he said. "Ranter took good care on ye while I was away? Got to be off again, but I'll be back this evenin'."

He kissed her again and put her down on the ground.

"Now you an' Ranter be off to yer fun. He's the comp'ny you've got to associate with, an' no other!"

The girl and the dog ran away together and the man turned again to speak to Mrs. Fromer.

"I don't want my gal to be intrudin' an' I won't 'low her to be intrudin'," he said, with a kind of rude dignity.

"She wasn't intruding. But I will say this, Pete Pelter, you ought to stay home more and keep her in some sort of order. It's too bad, the way she goes on. Why, she's the wors' child on Hilo Mountain."

"There hain't no man would say that to me 'bout my gal!" the father said, roughly. Then he softened his tone, remembering it was a woman he spoke to.

"Ye're wrong 'bout Rilly," he continued. "She ain't the wust child. She's the best child, the lovin'est, generousest, bravest, best child that's goin'. It's her way that makes ye think different, an' ways depends on p'ints an' view. Rilly ain't so bad, bein' rough, as some is bein' smooth. Ef her mother wuz livin'—wall, she showed what she'd 'ave done when she gave her that purty name, Amarillo. She'd 'ave made her the purtiest behaved child on the mountain. But no other woman don't bother!"

Mr. Pelter made an awkward bow and walked off toward his cabin, and Mrs. Fromer went into the house to think it over, leaving little Jerry outside. She was very glad that he had so soon forgotten Rilly's invitation and his own disappointment.

No child on the mountain—or off the mountain, for that matter—was quite so good as little Jerry Fromer. His father believed it and his mother knew it. He made no trouble at all, but amused himself in all sorts of pretty little ways, leaving his busy mother free to attend to the great amount of work which every housekeeper—even in the mountain cabin in California—always finds to do.

Almost always the weather permitted him to play out of doors, so that he was far happier, as well as far healthier, than if he were shut up in the house. And as he never thought of running away, this was all very satisfactory to the mother. Sometimes she did not have to look after him from noon until supper time.

This afternoon was one of those fortunate times. All through the long, pleasant time of sunshine the careful housewife was left undisturbed to work and to think. She thought most of her own child, of course, but she thought a good deal about Pete Pelter's child also. Perhaps people were a little too hard on Rilly, after all. Perhaps if the neighbor women would only take a little more friendly interest in her she would not be such a rude little ruffian. Really she never knew of the child doing anything actually wicked. But she was such a rowdy.

At length she noticed that the sunshine had grown dim. Evening was coming and Jerry's father would soon be home, and she must bring the little fellow in and make him neat, as she always did for the father's home coming.

She went to the door, but Jerry was not where she had left him. She looked quickly about, but her child was nowhere in sight. She called; no answer came. In a panic she ran all about the house and up and down the road, calling as she went; neither sight nor sound of her child could she gain. Little Jerry was lost!

"That girl! That dreadful girl!" Mrs. Fromer moaned as she realized that her baby was gone. "But, then I would have heard her if she had come about."

Desperate and heartbroken she continued her fruitless search, growing more and more excited with every minute. When Mr. Fromer came home he found his wife so nearly frantic that he could hardly learn from her what had happened.

It was a terrible thing when he did learn and realize it. There was no knowing how long the child had been gone, but with darkness coming swiftly on he would have time before he could be found to get hopelessly lost in the forest that was not very far away. He might be wandering there even now; and it was no safe place for a child to wander. To say nothing of the dangers of starvation or exhaustion, wild beasts were not unknown there. More than once or twice mountain lions had been seen or heard not very far from the little scattered settlement.

Very quickly Mr. Fromer satisfied himself that his child was indeed gone, and he was about starting away to summon the neighbors to help him in the search, when Pete Pelter appeared. There was trouble in his face and anxiety in his voice.

"Was Rilly here ag'in atter I left ye?" he asked of Mrs. Fromer.

"No."

"She ain't to hum, an' I ain't been able fur to find her, an' I'm oneasy 'bout her it must be 'lowed."

"Have you lost your child, too?" Mr. Fromer exclaimed in astonishment. "I was just coming to ask you to help find ours. He's gone, God knows where!"

He stopped speaking with that break in his voice which it is always so hard to listen to. Even in his own grief and trouble Peter Pelter felt keen sympathy with this other bereaved man, and was about to say so, but an exclamation from Mrs. Fromer checked him.

"That girl!" Jerry's mother cried out. And it was easy to know from her tone what she was thinking of.

Her husband laid his hand on her shoulder and stopped her from saying more. Pete Pelter heard the words and noted the movement, but he only said:

"I'll help ye to hunt fur yer child. I kin hunt for mine later. Or mebbe we'll find 'em together. I reckon that's most likely."

All night long these two men, with the help of all the men in the settlement, searched the forest with torches for their lost children and found no trace of either of them. One little bit of information was given by a man who came to join the searching party.

In the afternoon, while on a shoulder of the mountain near the settlement, he had stopped to look down at the houses and the road. He saw a little child going along the road toward the forest. He thought that was not safe, so he started down the slope to capture the little rover. He was a good while getting to the road, and when he got there he saw only Rilly Pelter and her dog. He asked her about the child he had seen, but she only looked at him and started off toward her father's house. Thinking he had been frightened without reason, the man had gone his way without giving any alarm.

"What time might that ha' been?" asked Peter Pelter.

"'Bout 3 o'clock, I reckon."

"I war home jest afore that. Left right afterwards."

All the next day the search was kept up, and without success. At night the men were exhausted and had to rest. But the second day the search was renewed with more vigor than ever.

The two fathers kept together through a kind of sympathetic understanding. They were widely separated from the other searchers when they came upon the tracks made by little feet.

A moment later they found larger foot-prints and those of a dog close to them. The men looked at each other with tears of joy running down their faces and neither was ashamed of his weakness. They dashed forward over the soft, moist ground of the little hollow they were in, not losing sight of a single track. Suddenly Pelter stopped, with a smothered cry of alarm.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Look at that?" he groaned, pointing to the ground, where the tracks of another animal mingled with those of the dog. "Do ye know what them is? Them's the footprints of a mountain lion!"

It was true. There was no mistaking the nature of the tracks.

"You and me know what them marks mean for both ov us," said Peter putting his hand on Mr. Fromer's shoulder. "Ther hain't no hurry now, fur we're too late. So afore we go on to look fur our children's bones I want you to apolergise to my Rilly. Bight here! Right now! Ye thought in yer heart as she led yer little feller off. I knew she didn't. She's give her life tryin' to save him fur ye. How do I know? 'Cause that's natural to Rilly, fur one thing. 'Nother thing, them little tracks was made afore the bigger ones 'nd the dog's. 'Nother thing, the baby was alone when Bill Brown seen him, 'nd Rilly was alone when he seen her 'nd told her 'bout it. An' more'n all that, I was out o' the cabin after Bill Brown seen her she was there 'nd carried off grub enough to last her 'nd the baby—if she found him alive—till she could git him hum. An' now Jake Fromer, if you don't apolergise fur that insult ye thought I'll kill ye!"

Without speaking Mr. Fromer looked into the other man's eyes and held out his hand. The look and the gesture meant more then the words he could not control himself to speak, and the apology was made and accepted. The two clasped hands and then went forward in fear and trembling.

Presently they stopped, having al-almost stumbled over the dead body of a mountain lion. At the same moment a faint, weak whine of recognition sounded close by, and then there was a happy but very feeble cry of welcome, and the two fathers knelt beside their living children.

"I knowed ye'd find us, dad!" said Rilley. "My leg's broke, 'nd we had to wait. He broke it," pointing to the dead beast; "but me 'nd Ranter kep' him off the kid, 'nd Ranter killed him. The baby's all right. Didn't find him till last night. An' wasn't he hungry!"

With great rejoicing the lost children—and poor, torn Ranter as well—were carried to the Former cabin. As Mrs. Fromer was lavishing her tenderness and gratitude upon Rilly, Pete Pelter and stood beside her with a triumph in came his face that was good to see.

"I knowed we'd find them two kids together," he said. "An' I knowed ye'd change yer p'int o' view 'bout my gal."

—James C. Purdy in Philadelphia Times.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

They Knew it All Two Centuries Ago, and Here's Proof of It.

A curious little book has just been dug from the dust of two centuries and has been partially republished by the German newspapers for the purpose of proving that there is nothing new under the sun. The little book is entitled "Foolish Wisdom and Wise Foolishness," and was written by an old-fashioned German political economist named Becher. At the time of its publication the book was regarded as something of a Munchausen narrative of the author's travels through Europe. During his wanderings Becher became acquainted with most of the learned men on the continent, and learned a vast deal concerning the scientific work of his day. The first genius he met was Franz Grundler, a Nurnberg optician. He says of him: "Grundler is a most remarkable man. He has an idea that he can cork up in a bottle, by means of a spiral, the ordinary spoken words of a man's voice, carry them around with him thus for an hour or more, and then open the bottle and let them out. How far Grundler has got with the execution of his idea since I saw him, I do not know. The whole conception appears to be quite impossible of execution and silly."

After thus hinting that even in the days of the thirty years' war some men had learned a thing or two concerning the principle of the phonograph, Becher has a word to say of "an instrument by means of which persons more than a German mile apart could talk with each other in a low tone of voice." Becher calls the instrument a stentrophonicon, and describes how in using it he was obliged to press his lips very close to the bell of a curiously shaped trumpet.

"I have seen," he continues, "one of these instruments at Grundler's in Nurnberg, and talked with him through it. Although we were a good distance apart at the time and talked very loudly, no one between us could hear a word we said."

During his tour of inquiry Becher also discovered that in several regions outside of Germany men had learned "to write down what others said with wonderful rapidity, by means of strange characters." "Englishmen have discovered a kind of tachygraphy," he explains, "or an art which enables them to write as rapidly as the fastest speakers can talk. They have brought this wonderful art to such a degree of perfection that young persons often write out full sermons without a mistake. Orations in Parliament can be written out by this means as rapidly as they are delivered, which I regard as a very useful invention." So much for stenography two centuries ago.

To save himself the trouble of learning various languages of the countries through which he passed, Becher compiled a universal language, not unlike our Volapuk. This language, he says, was derived directly from the nature of things, slipped easily over the tongue, and could be learned in four weeks. It had but twelve letters, and five hundred words, was clear of declinations and conjugations, and subject to but six rules of syntax.

Among the many other wonderful things which Becher saw on the Continent and wrote about in his little book were an air gun "which shot lead without powder or noise," another gun "which delivered three balls in rapid succession after one loading," a ship in which Cornelius Trebbel had ridden under the water of the Thames, and an air ship "held high above the earth by balls much lighter than the atmosphere."

Probably Made Up for Lost Time.

(Sharply) "Seems to me, Maud, that young Mr. Hankinson staid pretty late last night. Did he have any pressing business?"

(Blushingly) "Not till just before he went away, mamma."

SALOON GLASSWARE.

The Vast Breakage in a Big City—Fifty Per Cent Yearly.

There are in New York between 9,000 and 10,000 saloons of all kinds and degrees, says the *News* of that city. A reporter made inquiries among several saloon keepers and he learned that each saloon owns a stock of glassware amounting on the average to something over $100, and that the loss by breakage averages about $50 each year. That is to say, all the saloons have on hand glassware amounting in value to about $1,000,000, and every year they spend $500,000 to replace glasses broken and thrown away.

"On busy days," one saloon keeper said, "it is very easy for a barkeeper, while placing glasses under a faucet, to touch it so that the glass is nicked at least and has to be thrown away."

"Then you throw it away?"

"At once," he answered.

"Do you buy expensive glasses?"

"Yes. A cheap glass may look very well alone, but when there are many behind a bar together the cheap ones look blue, no matter what we do with them. We have to have the best, for we must think of looks always. The best of blown glass has a great deal of lead in it, and we must buy that kind."

"Why with lead in it?"

"Only glass with lead in it can be blown; the others can only be pressed."

"What do your glasses cost?"

"They run from 99 cents a dozen for small bar glasses to $3 or $4 a dozen for the Belgian glasses in which we serve the best imported beers. No small item, you see. No customer wants a cracked or nicked glass. It is very annoying, too, to a party to have glasses of different kinds."

"Does the weather have much effect upon glassware?"

"Yes, very cold days or very hot ones. Sometimes on a cold day after serving a hot drink, we will wash the glass and wipe it, and presently we will hear a crack and then find a broken glass, and this sometimes happens, too, after serving a cold drink on a very hot day. It is very important that a saloon should have on hand a complete line of glassware."

$50 TO $60 A WEEK.

A bright energetic man or woman wanted to sell an article of Great Value to every one. Sells at sight in city or country. $600 is no exaggerated amount for you to make in the next 90 days and have a solid income thereafter besides. A good Job. A Bonanza. Write at once. G. G. Glower, Mgr. 216 S. 3rd St., Phila, Pa.

THAT BABY OF MINE.

Auntie, three months ago had the salt rheum so bad that his head was a mass of sores, and I had begun to lose all hopes of raising him, but my druggist recommended Sulphur Bitters, and to-day he is as fat and chipper as any baby you ever saw, and he has not a sore on his head, and just think that after paying out so much, that a few dollars' worth of Sulphur Bitters should cure him.—*Mrs. J. C. Hall, Lowell.*

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

s 24-1 y

What Your Great Grandmother Did.

She hetcheled the flax and carded the wool, and wove the linen, and spun the tow, and made the clothes for her husband and ten children. She made butter and cheese, she dipped tallow candles, to light the house at night, and she cooked all the food for her household by an open fire place and a brick oven. Yes; and when she was forty years of age, she was already an old lady whose best days were over. Her shoulders were bent and her joints enlarged by hard work, and she wore spectacles and a cap.

Her great granddaughter, with all the modern conveniences for comfort, refinement and luxury, may be as charming and attractive at forty-five as at twenty. Especially is this true if she preserves her health by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which wards off all female ailments and irregularities, cures them if they already exist, keeps the life current healthful and vigorous, and enables the woman of middle age to retain the freshness of girlhood upon brow and cheek, the light of youth in her eyes, and its elasticity in her step.

Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come.

But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

Can you ask more?

EMINENT FACTS.

The question is often asked and scarcely ever answered, why whiskey made now is not as pure and reliable as it was forty yars ago. It is never the less a fact that it is, made purer and better to-day than at that time. With the improved methods fusil oil and other impurities are entirely eliminated. A sworn statement as to the purity, age and quality of the whiskey sold is furnished by one dealer who advertises full quarts, six year old pure Penn's Rye, at $1.00 per quart. Duquesne $1.25 per quart. Port, Sherry, Sweet California Wines at 50c. A complete catalogue and price list of all foreign and domestic liquors mailed on application by

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We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold, or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at C. M. Parrish's drug store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

John, have you seen that woman lately?

John, in astonishment, what woman?

That woman in another column picking grapes for Speer's Wines, and read about it; the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and the best in the world. The Boards of Health in large cities and leading hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.

An open letter to women. No. 1.

Laurel Ave., San Francisco, May 18, 1892.

"Dear friend of women:

"When my baby was born, five years ago, I got up in six days. Far too soon. Result: falling of the womb. Ever since I've been miserable.

"I tried everything: doctors, medicines, apparatus; but grew worse.

"I could hardly stand; and walking without support was impossible.

"At last I saw an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound*, and decided to try it. The effect was astonishing. Since I took the first bottle my womb has not troubled me, and, thanks only to you, I am now well. Every suffering woman should know how reliable your compound is. It is a sure cure."

Mrs. A. Detwiler.

All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICAL CO., LYNN, MASS. Liver Pills, 25c.

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because shoes once blackened with it can be kept clean by washing them with water. People in moderate circumstances find it profitable to buy it at 20c. a bottle, because what they spend for Blacking they save in shoe leather.

It is the cheapest blacking considering its quality, and yet we want to sell it cheaper if it can be done. We will pay

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(this is the name of the paint), looks like stained and varnished *new furniture*. One coat will do it. A child can apply it. You can change a pine to a walnut, or a cherry to mahogany; there is no limit to your fancies. All retailers sell it.

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflamation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggist; by mail, registered, 60 cts.

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SORE EYES, SCROFULA, MALARIA, AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES

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Healthful, Agreeable, Cleansing.

Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc.

Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP.

Specially Adapted for Use in Hard Water

A SAILOR'S ROMANCE.

The city of Valparaiso is one of the most important upon the Pacific coast. Take them altogether the people of Chili show the most enterprise and seem the best adapted for Republican government of any in South America, yet the common people are of a dark revengeful nature, and few foreigners find favor in their eyes. But with the dark-eyed maidens of Chili it is different, and the Yankee sailors always like to run into "Valperaiser" for a cruise on shore, and a happy time they have generally.

Ned Wilton landed from the brig Vesper, which had sprung a topmast and stove in her quarter in a storm on the South Pacific. It was a two weeks' job to refit, and, as Ned was a man to be trusted, the "old man" gave him a free run on shore. Ned wasn't much of a man to drink, and most of his time was spent in rambling about on the beautiful mountain slopes, getting acquainted with the dark eyed beauties of the city and country and enjoying himself generally. One day while exploring the country ten miles to the north and east of the city he was attracted by the sound of voices loud in dispute, and then came a woman's cry for help. Dashing through the bushes Ned came out in a little open space, where he saw a beautiful girl whom he had met in a fandango in Valparaiso, struggling in the grasp of a dark looking Chilian, who, if he was not a villain, ought to have had a quarrel with his face.

"See here, my man," said Ned, "you'd better drop, or you may chance to get yourself into trouble."

"That advice might be as well applied to yourself, senor," replied the man, with a dark, savage frown. "If you will take my advice, given in the most friendly spirit, you will take yourself off and attend to any business of your own which you may chance to have on hand. No man ever interfered with Manuel Godena who did not repent it."

"I'll have to leave it to the young lady," said Ned, quietly. "If she says that I'm in the way, I'll walk off, as you say, but not before."

"No, no!" cried the girl. "Do not leave me alone with this man."

"That's all right," said Ned. "You see that the senora claims my help, Manuel Godena, and I'll have to trouble you to get up and travel."

The man drew a knife and made a dash at him. Ned knocked it out of his hand and then gave him such a thrashing as he had never received in his life. Then, stripping him of his weapon, he kicked him industriously down the slope, for it riled him to have a man draw a knife.

The Chilian at last took to his heels, and when once out of reach of Ned's No. 8 boot, turned and shook his hand at him in a menacing manner.

"Hear me, Americano," he hissed. "I vow to the saints not to take rest or sleep until I have revenge on you!"

Ned answered by a contemptuous laugh, and whirling on his heel went back to the lady, who was trembling with fear.

"Let me escort you safely from this place," he said. "You are hardly safe here."

"Thanks, senor. That man is my cousin, and this morning he undertook to escort me to the house of my uncle, who has a cattle ranch over yonder. But when we reached this place he seized me and swore that he would carry me to the haunt of the bandit Rosas, and there keep me until I promised to marry him."

"He is a land pirate," said Ned, "and deserves keel-hauling if ever a man did."

"I do not understand that, senor," said the girl, with a merry smile. "But I shall be your debtor forever if you will go with me to my uncle's house."

"I am quite at your service," said Ned, gallantly; "but I don't know the way you wish to go."

"This way, senor."

She struck into the forest path, after a glance at the manly face of the Yankee sailor. That glance was enough, for it showed her that she was absolutely safe with him, no matter where she might choose to go. An hour's ride brought them to an opening, and on the slope of the tablado before them they saw a fine ranch surrounded by buildings and corrals and cattle.

"This is the place, Senor Americano," she said. "Will you not come to the house and let my uncle thank you?"

"I don't want any thanks for an act which no man could have refused to perform, but I will go in. Will you give me your name? Mine is Edward Wilton and I am second mate on the brig Vesper."

"And mine is Isola Mendez. I remember you, senor; I danced with you at the fandango at Valparaiso last week."

They entered the house and were met by Senor Mendez, the uncle of Isola. He heard her story and thanked the young American warmly for the part he had performed. But Ned stopped him.

"It annoys me to be thanked for so slight a service," said Ned. "Please do not say anything more about it."

"I will try and thank you in some other way, senor," said the ranchman, warmly. "Now, you must make a stay with me, if your business will allow it, and I will try and make it pleasant for you."

"I will have a week of liberty on shore. I accept your invitation with pleasure, senor."

Three or four days passed pleasantly, the ranchero doing his best to invent new pleasures for the young American. Isola was a pleasant companion, and Ned was very sorry when the time drew near for him to leave. The last day of his stay the two rode out among the foothills, and it was plain to see that they were deeply in love. As they halted for a moment in a breezy canyon a dozen horsemen suddenly surrounded them. Ned made a desperate fight and shot one of his assailants and mortally wounded another before he was overpowered. In the leader of these mountain bandits he recognized Manuel Godena.

"I told you that I would not rest until I had revenge, accursed Americano," he hissed. "Now, Isola."

But the girl, giving her horse the rein, broke suddenly through the ranks of the men who surrounded her, for they had not taken the trouble to secure her, and set off at a mad gallop, closely pursued by four or five of the bandits. But there was not a man in Chili who could ride with Isola Mendez, and as they passed out of sight all could see that she was likely to escape. A cry of rage burst from the lips of Godena.

"Now, ten thousand curses on the girl!" he cried. "I meant that she should witness my punishment of her Yankee lover, but at least we have him secure. Place him against the rock there, with his hands and feet bound. Make him fast so that he can not fall down."

The men obeyed and Godena dismounted, with pistol in hand. Ned, held in his place by his bonds, looked him boldly in the face. Advancing a pace the miscreant aimed at him, changing his aim from time to time to distress the prisoner. But Ned did not give the slightest sign of fear. At last the pistol exploded and the ball tore through the fleshy part of his shoulder.

"One!" said Godena, producing another pistol. "I am going to hit you on the other side."

Again he fired, and the other shoulder was torn by the ball.

"You black hearted hound!" cried Ned, "if you think to wring a single cry from me you are mistaken. Go on, savage, complete your bloody work."

Godena, with the grin of a fiend, took two other pistols, from the hand of one of the men. Again he fired, intending to pierce the arm of the young sailor, but this time he missed.

"Poor practice," said Ned. "Try again, my dear fellow."

The fourth pistol cracked, and Ned gave a start and shiver, for his left arm had been pierced. Godena was very angry, for in spite of the torture he had not been able to wring a groan from the gallant young man. Reloading his pistols carefully he stepped close to his prisoner, and again touched him with the muzzle of the cocked pistol over the heart, upon the forehead, and every vital part, but he did not flinch.

"Why don't you end it, you cowardly dog?" cried Ned.

"I will end it," replied Godena, stepping back a single step: "Thus Manuel Godena avenges himself."

He raised the pistol in his right hand to a level with the heart of the prisoner, and was about to pull the trigger when a rifle cracked on the mountain side above them and Manuel Godena, shot through the heart fell upon his face, dead. At the same time a score of stockmen and rancheros chased down the canyon, and the bandits turned in flight, pursued by the herd riders led by Senor Mendez. Then Ned fainted from loss of blood, and when he came back to life his bonds had been removed and he lay upon the green sod, his head pillowed upon the knee of Isola Mendez.

"Do not move," she said softly. "Yo te ame!" (I love you).

Ned Wilton recovered from his wounds, but not soon enough to sail in the Vesper. Indeed, he never left Chili, and is now a rich ranchero, and the name of his wife was once Isola Mendez.

PROFIT IN THE CULTURE OF SNAKES.

As a Means of Personal Adornment Snake Skins May Become the Rage.

With the growing popularity of snakeskin for use in articles of decoration the propagation of rattlesnakes for the sake of the skin bids fair to become a profitable industry in this country. Rattlesnake farming would undoubtedly possess attractions for many young men who have a fondness for experimenting.

Vests of snakeskin are popular in some parts of the South, and for decorative purposes other than for wearing apparel the snakeskin is gaining in favor in New York. In the leather shops one may see any number of pocketbooks, card cases, portfolios, dressing cases, whip handles, and bookbindings of this unique material. In parts of South America a lover cannot make a more acceptable gift to the adored senorita than a pair of dainty house shoes from the skin of a rattlesnake. When lined with bright colored satin they are exceedingly pretty, but their chief charm to the wearer lies in the fact that the bold suitor himself killed the snake for those particular shoes.

In all of the large novelty shops in the West Indies may be seen belts, girdles, and even vests made of rattlesnake skin. It is very effective when made up, and serviceable as well, for the scales do not wear off.

A fashion that may be a little slow in gaining favor with the Broadway swell is the snake tie. Not a manufactured silk or tinsel affair is meant, but a genuine snake, of course properly cured and treated to preserve its flexibility.

Among the cowboys in certain parts of Australia this unique fashion has obtained for several seasons, and bids fair to be as popular this summer as ever. When carelessly tied about the half open collar of a flannel shirt it is very fetching, and it is the admiration of the belle of every kangaroo flat. It is just the finishing touch to a picturesque attire and is in perfect keeping with the sombrero, Colt's revolvers, bowie knives, leather belts, and the rest.

Why not introduce into New York something new in neckties, something novel and decidedly unique? The snakes would fill the bill perfectly, besides lending a charming touch of nature to the too conventional attire. Of course it would cause some consternation at first, but we should soon get used to it. It is certainly as suitable for a necktie as for the adornment of a hat, a fashion so much in vogue last season. The chief charm of the snake for this purpose is its adaptability to the latest thing in knots. It can be tied into a four-in-hand, an effective double bow, a slip-noose, a lover's knot—in fact, its decorative possibilities for a shirt front are simply "out of sight."

Then, too, there is another consideration by no means unimportant. Think how charming the suspender-hoisted and vest-adorned summer girl will look with this engaging reptile tied in a lover's knot under the stiff turn-down collar of her percale shirt! —*N. Y. Herald.*

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P. M.				P M
1 35		Gazzam		2 25
1 27		Kerrmoor		2 33
1 18		New Millport		2 49
1 10		Olanta		2 47
1 00		Mitchells		2 56
12 20	P M	Clearfield	A M 7 00	3 30
12 00	9 15			
11 41	8 55	Woodland	7 19	3 50
11 34	8 48	Bigler	7 26	3 57
11 28	8 43	Wallaceton	7 42	4 03
10 35	L 7 50	Philipsburg	L 7 25	L 3 55
11 30	A 8 45		A 8 20	A 4 50
11 05	8 20	Munsons	7 55	4 25
10 42	7 55	Peale	8 21	4 51
10 17	7 33	Gillintown	8 44	5 14
10 09	7 25	Snow Shoe	8 52	5 22
9 02	6 27	Beech Creek	9 46	6 27
8 47	6 13	Mill Hall	10 00	6 43
8 41	6 07	Lock Haven	10 08	6 52
8 32	5 57	Wayne	10 15	7 03
8 10	5 35	Jersey Shore	10 35	7 25
7 35	5 00	Williamsport	11 10	8 00
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
7 15	2 56	Williamsport	11 55	11 00
11 30	11 33	Philadelphia	4 05	6 50
	10 08	New York via Easton	5 50	
7 30	8 35	New York via Phila.	8 30	9 30
P M	A M		P M	A M

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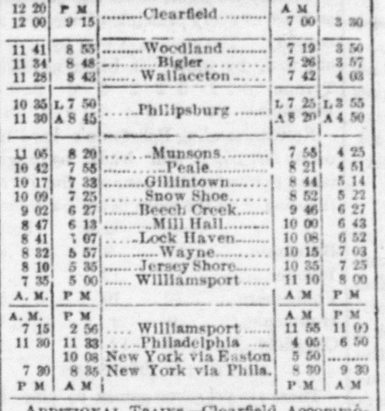

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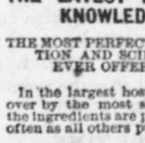

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This is only a partial list. Other attractive features will be announced from time to time.

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Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Everybody should attend church next Sunday.

—Quite a number of Bellefonters joined in holding a sociable picnic at Hunters Park yesterday.

—Rush Larimer has purchased the grocery recently owned by E. Brown, on Allegheny street.

—Bellefonte's twice—a—week curb market, are now larger than any time during the summer season.

—Alice C. the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Linn Saylor, died last Thursday night and was buried on Saturday.

—As every day draws to a close the republican candidates' chances for being elected grow brighter and brighter.

—A Musicale will be held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Friday evening, to which an admittance of 25 cents will be charged.

—The open air concert rendered by Meyer's orchestra last Friday evening was greatly appreciated by the large crowd in attendance.

—An infant child of Mr, and Mrs. Ed. Kitson died on Wednesday afternoon. The father and mother have the sympathy of all their friends.

—The public schools of Bellefonte opened yesterday with a full complement of teachers and a roll of scholars somewhat larger than usual.

—Squirrel season opened last Thursday and already have there been quite a number brought into Bellefonte by our enterprising sportsmen.

—David M. Butts, of East Linn street, has put down a new stone pavement in front of his property, which very much enhances the value thereof.

—Monday, the 5th, being Labor day and a legal holiday all the banks in town were closed. There was no demonstration of any kind in Bellefonte.

—The first social of the fall season will be held by the Christian Endeavor Society in the Presbyterian chapel, this evening. Price of admission is only 10 cents.

—Owing to a detention on the main line of the Philadelphia and Erie railroad the Sunday papers did not arrive in Bellefonte last Sunday until after seven oclock.

—On Monday a lump of ore was mined at the Scotia ore mines which measured 10½ feet wide, 16½ feet long and 13 feet high, and which weighed 60000 pounds or 30 tons.

—Houtzdale vs. Bellefonte at Hunter's Park, Wednesday, September 7th. Bellefonte wants to play ball from this time on, that it may come in with a good big leading percentage.

—While the newspapers were circulating the report that Lawrence L. Brown, of Philadelphia, was missing, that gentleman was alive and well and attending to his business as usual. And so it goes.

—Governor Pattison has issued a proclamation declaring October 21st (Columbus Day) a legal holiday. By the way, what is Bellefonte going to do in the way of celebrating that momentous day?

—Work on the rebuilding of Gerberich, Hale & Co's new mill is now being rapidly pushed forward. The Messrs. Cowdrick have the contract for the erection of the brick work, while John Noll does the masonry.

—The Episcopal congregation and Sunday School, of Bellefonte, will hold their picnic at Hunter's Park next Saturday. If it is a nice day there will be a large attendance and a pleasant time. Everybody is invited to come.

—If Tyrone did win Saturday's game there is consolation in the fact that they kept very little Bellefonte money there save and except the quarters taken in at the gate. This is more than Tyrone can say of the week's previous game.

—The much-talked of new postoffice at Waddle's has been established and was opened for business on the first of September. John A. Hoy has been appointed postmaster. Waddle will now be the distributing office for Buffalo Run and Stormstown.

—A Mrs. Barger, who lives in Curtin township, will celebrate the 100dth anniversary of her birth on Saturday, September 17th. Her friends and neighbors will celebrate the event by the holding of a basket picnic near her home to which all acquaintances are invited.

—Next week will be the week of the Patrons' of Husbandry picnic and exhibition at Grange Park Centre Hall. It will doubtless be a week filled with excitement, pleasure and business. From present prospects there is going to be an unusually large attendance.

—The ball players in Tyrone must all be democrats from the South. Inasmuch as they now see they cannot honestly win the pennant from Bellefonte they are striving hard to get it by the "counting out" process. No good, boys; Bellefonte base ballists are not fools nor idiots, and everything must be on the square or no go. See!

Week's Programme.

RICH TREAT AT THE GRANGER'S PICNIC NEXT WEEK,

FINE ENTERTAINMENT,

The Signal Service Bureau Department Promises Something of Unusual Interest,—it Will Show How Weather Forecasts are Obtained—State College Experiment Station in the Hands of Prof. Armsby.

That the 19th annual session of the Grangers Picnic Exhibition, to be held on Grange Park, near Centre Hall, next week, promises to excel all former efforts, is now beyond doubt. The exhibits will be far larger and more interesting than they have ever been, especially in the stock, machinery, agriculture and floral displays.

The week's programme is arranged as follows:

Saturday Sept. 10, at 3 p. m. informal opening of camp.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

At 10 a. m.—Preaching in the auditorium by Rev. W. E. Fisher.

At 2.30 p. m.—Preaching by Rev. Baskerville.

At. 7.30 p. m.—Preaching by Rev. Eisenberg.

All in attendance on Sunday are expected to attend these religious exercises.

MONDAY SEPT. 12.

At 7 p. m.—Formal opening of the Exhibition in the auditorium, by the committee. Addresses will be made by Mr. I. S. Frain, Master of the county Grange, Col. James F. Weaver, Lecturer of the county Grange, and Prof. Calvin Neff, Deputy of the State Grange.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 13.

At 9 a. m.—Women's meeting in charge of the State Grange Women's Committee; Mrs. Anna Holstein, of Montgomery county; Mrs. Helen Johnson, of Erie county; Mrs. Mary Roberts, of Chester county; Mrs. Katherine Huston, of Cumberland county; Mrs. J. C. McClure, of Westmoreland county; Miss Emma Brewer, of Delaware county, and Miss Griffen, also of Westmoreland county.

At 10 a. m.—Address by Hon S. R. Downing, of West Chester and D. C. Kennedy, chairman of the State Grange Executive Committee.

At 2 p. m.—Address by Col. R. H. Thomas, of the State Grange; Hon. A. L. Taggart, of Montgomery county, and Hon. Giles D. Price, of Erie.

At 7.30 p. m.—Musical and literary entertainment, which will be in charge of Miss Emma Brewer, of Delaware county, This feature of the week's entertainment was a principal one last year, and this year a still better programme has been arranged. More Centre county talent will participate than ever before.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13.

At 9 a. m.—Women's meeting, presided over by Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, of Montgomery county. This part will be highly interesting from the fact that Prof. H. L. Ball of Philadelphia, will deliver a a lecture on the Signal Service Department of the United States. No one should miss hearing it.

At 10 a. m.—Address by Judge Jenks, of Jefferson county, J. T. Ailman, Lecturer of the State Grange, and Dr. Calder, of Harrisburg.

Wednesday afternoon and evening will be devoted to temperance meetings at which addresses will be delivered by such eminent talkers on the subject as Hon. H. T. Ames, of Willimsport, Rev. Zeigler, chairman of the Centre county Prohibition Committee, and others.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 15.

At 9 a. m.—Women's meeting, in charge of the Women's State Grange Committee.

At 10 a. m.—Addresses by J. H. Brigham, master of the National Grange Committee, Senator Brown, of York county, and Hon. William Benninger, State Grange Deputy.

At 2 p. m.—Addresses by Hon. Mortimer Whitehead, Lecturer of the National Grange; Dr. Groff, President of Bucknell University, and Dr. Armsby, head of the State College Experiment Station.

At 7.30 p. m.—Musical and literary entertainment, in charge of the Misses Brewer and Tiffen.

FRIDAY IS VETERAN'S DAY.

Veteran's reunion Friday, 16th, presided over by General James A. Beaver, President of Veterans' Club. Addresses Gen. J. P. Taylor, Department Commander of Pa., G. A. R.; Ex-Governor A. G. Curtin; R. A. Cassidy; Col. James F. Weaver; James A. Meyers; Hon. Thomas J. Stuart; Col. Chill Hazzard; Maj L. G. McConley; Hon. J. W; Noble Col. James A. Danks, and others.

For information in reference to the Picnic and Exhibition, address the chairman, Leonard Rhone, Center Hall Pa.

STATE COLLEGE EXPERIMENT STATION.

The State College State Experiment Station will be represented by Dr. Atherton, President of the College; Dr. Armsby, Director of State Experiment Station; Prof. Butz—who will have charge of the exhibits of the Department of the College and Station, and others.

SPICIAL TRAIN SERVICE.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, as well as the Bellefonte Central, proposes to give the public better service than ever before.

Three extra trains a day will leave Bellefonte for the Picnic grounds, as follows: at 6.55 and 10.30 a. m. and 5 p. m. Besides this are the regular trains leaving at 6.20 a. m. and 2 p. m. Returning from the Park to Bellefonte trains leave as follows: 8.24 a. m. 3.30, 6.30 and 9 p. m. The train leaving the Park at 9 o'clock p. m. will be run through to Milesburg.

Besides the regular trains, a special leaves Coburn daily, (during the Picnic week) at 10.57 a. m. arriving at Grange Park at 11.30 a. m.—Returning East one train leaves the Park at 5 o'clock p. m. arriving at Coburn at 5.40; and another leaves the Park at 6.50 p. m. running through to Sunbury, arriving at the latter place 9.30 p. m.

It will be remembered that these specials accomodate all points along the line.

REV. HOUCK'S RETURN.

Rev. W. A. Houck, of the M. E. church returned from a trip to Europe on Wednesday evening, the 31st ult. The members of his congregation had arranged a reception for him on his arrival in Bellefonte. The reverend gentleman was met at the depot by a delegation and driven to the church where a large crowd had assembled to bid him welcome. Rev. J. A. Woodcock was master of ceremonies. W. F. Reeder and John G. Love, Esq., made short and appropriate addresses after which Gen. D. H. Hastings made the welcoming home address on behalf of the Board of Trustees.

The last speaker was Secretary Harvey who represented the Epworth League and who on this occasion first met Rev. Houck. He made an appropriate address.

To all these kind words Rev. Mr. Houck replied. He said he had traveled 11,000 miles since leaving Bellefonte. He has been well all the time except in Rome where he met an auburn haired woman from Boston. She compelled him to mount the stairway leading to the top of St. Peter's so rapidly that for a few minutes he suffered from an uneasy feeling at his heart. But it passed away. The route he passed through was carefully portrayed. The opportunity to go and also the home coming filled him with pleasure. He is now more than ever an American. He did not see as many ideal specimens of Christian manhood or womanhood in Europe as at home. In Rome, he said, the girls are awfully ugly. He went to Europe to become more in sympathy with the artists, poets, historians and others; it was the dream of his young manhood that he could go to Europe and he is very glad that he went. He paid a high tribute to Napolean Bonapare. He expressed gratitude for the welcome and said that it was a very happy moment.

The pleasant exercises ended with music and the benediction, after which all present were given an opportunity to shake hands with their pastor. Mr. Houck looks exceedingly well after the necessary weariness of such a long journey.

PRESSED FOR TIME.

There appears to be some doubt as to the ability of the Marquette Manufacturing company to turn out all the election booths necessary to supply the several counties of the state for the approaching November election. Over 10,000 of the 23,000 required are still to be manufactured, and the manager of the company says it will require steady work with no mishaps to complete the contract by Nov. 1. The state pays for the booths, annexes and guard rails, while the expenses of supplying the ballot boxes, voting houses and extra large tables is borne by the county.

Those which have been supplied with booths and annexes and the number furnished each is as follows: Delaware, 409; Allegheny, 2,721; Mifflin, 110; Franklin, 283; Pike, 58; Centre, 234; Fulton, 55; Montgomery, 667; Bedford, 210, Bucks, 440, Northampton, 546: Wyoming, 108; Cameron, 41; Forest, 59; Montour, 86; Clinton, 155; McKean, 258; Venango, 258, Beaver, 284; York, 554; Lehigh, 415; Lebanon, 265; Cambria, 364; Blair, 369; Armstrong, 245; Westmoreland, 590; Adams, 193; Chester, 503; Snyder, 86; Northumberland, 309; Sullivan, 52; Juniata, 95; Lycoming, 394; Union, 99; Potter, 152; Monroe, 113.

NOTABLE FAMILY REUNION.

From the Des Moines, Iowa, *State Register* we copy the following notice of a reunion of the Baker family, most of whom were born in Centre county and are all well known here:

"One of the most remarkable family reunions that ever took place in Iowa occurred in this city Sunday and yesterday, that of Mr. Hiram Baker and their twelve children: Samuel W., James M., John E., Jacob S., Charles W., Irvin C., Edwin H., Harry M., George H., Mrs. Lizzie M. Barnard, Mrs. Sarah M. Arnold, and Mrs. Anna E. White. One lives in Kansas, two in Nebraska and the remainder in Iowa. All but one were born in Centre county, Pennsylvania, near the home of Gov. Curtin. There has never been a death in the family. All are members of the Methodist church; all are Republican; none of them ever drank any liquor or chewed tobacco. The youngest will be a voter this year, and the family, including the sons-in-law, will cast thirteen votes for Harrison and Reid. The reunion is being held at the residence of the oldest child, Mr. Sam. W. Baker 1323 East 9th street."

—Another grocery store in the hands of the Sheriff in Bellefonte.

BELLEFONTE'S LUCK.

Lost 3 Games out of 4 on Last Week's Trip but Still in the Lead.

On Wednesday, August 31st, the Bellefonte ball club started out on its last tour playing that day in Clearfield. Through some very costly errors made by the Bellefonters and some good plays by the home team Bellefonte dropped the game to Clearfield by a score of 3 to 1.

On Thursday they visited Philipsburg where they found a strong nine fitted against them and where things looked somewhat blue up to the eighth inning, but then luck turned and the game closed 3 to 2 in favor of Bellefonte.

At Houtzdale on Friday they were accorded the most rotten reception, with the exception of Saturday's game of anywhere on their trip. And in this the brilliant(?) Tyroners showed their hand. Not satisfied with a square deal between clubs Tyrone went to Houtzdale and the best of them clubed together with the best of the home team was pitted against Bellefonte with the result that the latter was again defeated, the score standing 13 to 6.

But Saturday's game in Tyrone was the crowning game of all so far as rottenness, unfair decision, uncivilized behavior. etc., were concerned, notwithstanding the fact of the assertions of made that they were going to show Bellefonte how to treat a visiting club. In this respect, we are forced to admit, they succeeded, though if Bellefonte desired to return the compliment to any club that visited here, they would be obliged to import several carloads of hoodlums from Tyrone to do the work as we have nothing here in Bellefonte equal to such an emergency.

To see Saturday's game about 150 Bellefonters went to Tyrone on the regular and special trains. As usual before they would begin to play the home team wasted a good half hour in kicking over the umpire qnestion which was finally decided by the selection of H. C. Quigley, of Bellefonte, and D. P. Ray. of Tyrone's base ball association. From the begining of the game the Bellefonte boys had an up hill row to hoe, partly because of the ground, with which they seemed unacquainted, and partly because of the very rottenness of the decisions of umpire Ray and the entirely too fair renderings of umpire Quigley. Added to this it seemed to be the aim and desire of pitcher Hadson, as well players, to in some way cripple the Bellefonters to in that way prevent them from winning; men at the bat were fairly hit with swift thrown balls and men on bases were run into without need all with the one desire of victory and defeat.

Victory they got, but it was only at the sacrifice of every principle of respect and equality. The game was won by a score of 9 to 3, by innings it being as follows:

Tyrone	—1	2	0	2	2	0	0	2	0	—9
Bellefonte	—0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	—3

Notwithstanding Bellefonte's hard luck on its last trip it still leads by a good many points for the penant, the correct standing of all the clubs being as follows.

	Won.	Lost.	PerCt.
Bellefonte	15	9	.625
Tyrone	13	12	.520
Philipsburg	10	10	.500
Houtzdale	9	9	.500
Clearfield	8	12	.400

NOTES BY THE WAY.

There are yet seven games to play before the close of the Mountain League season.

Philipsburg makes the last trip and it will be in Bellefonte on Friday, the 16th of Sept., when Bellefonte will play its final league game.

If there ever was a more unfair and hot headed umpire on the base ball field than D. P. Ray we would like to hear of him. They would certainly command a large premium.

The Pennnsylvania railroad company seems to have it in for Bellefonte as it took an awful lot of coaxing and boodle to secure a special train for last Saturday Why is this thus?

A meeting of the Mountain League Base Ball Association was held in Tyrone on Saturday at which all contested games were decided and the result makes the standing of the clubs in the League as given in the above table.

HOUTZDALE VS. BELLEFONTE.

The game advertised to be played yesterday in this place between Houtzdale and Bellefonte was not played owing to the non-appearance of Houtzdale, the manager of which telegraphed that they missed the train. They wanted to forfeit the game with Tyrone to-day and play here but Bellefonte isn't built that way. The game was regularly scheduled, the home team on the ground, game called by Umpire Quigley and no Houtzdalers putting in an appearance was awarded to Bellefonte 9 to 0. An exhibition game was then played by the home club and others.

COUNCILMANIC.

Six members of council were present at the regular meeting on Monday evening. President Hillibish was in the chair, owing to the impeachment proceedings against him failing to prove substantial.

A communication and petition were presented praying that the ordinance relating to fire marshals be altered so as to permit persons as young as 25 years to hold the office. Council passed a resolution to change the ordinance.

Joshua Folk complained of a nuisance on East Borough street and the matter was referred to the Nuisance committee.

Borough Solicitor Clement Dale reported that the new street from Bishop to Curtin and the extensions of East Lamb, Linn and Curtin streets were confirmed absolutely by the court; but that objections had been made to East High and Armour streets. A motion was passed directing the Street committee to open all thoroughfares confirmed, including the alley from Allegheny to Blanchard St.

After the reading of the bills, which were approved, council adjourned.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Mr. H. Holtz has returned from his summer visit to Bedford Springs.

Miss Annie McLaughlin is visiting her sister, Mrs Cyril Schell in Tyrone.

Miss Fannie Beach, is visiting her cousin Mrs John Ardell, of Linn St.

Mrs. Chas. L. Gates and two children are spending this week in Lovelville.

Miss Mollie Beezer, was an arrival from Philadelphia on Saturday night last.

L. T. Munson has gone to Pittsburg to accept a lucrative position in that place.

Miss Jennie Stott returned on Monday evening from a two week's visit to Altoona.

Messrs. Charles R. Kurtz and Robert F. Hunter, after taking in the ball game at Tyrone on Saturday, departed east for few day's sojourn in the Quaker City.

John G. Mitchell, of Minneapolis, is visiting his father, Joseph T. Mitchell, postmaster at Pine Grove Mills. Both gentlemen spent a pleasant day in Bellefonte on Monday.

THE DEMOREST MEDAL CONTEST.

The Demorest contest given by the W. C. T. U. on Tuesday evening was a pleasant affair. The rooms were pretily decorated with flowers and were well filled with an appreciative audience. Meyer's orchestra was present and gave some of its best music. The medley composed of some of our best known hymns and songs was especially pleasing.

Mr Harvey and Miss Robbins sang a portion of the 103rd Psalm in such a manner that all lovers of music must have enjoyed it. Miss Robins also favored the audience with a well rendered solo.

The contestants for the Demorest Medal were six in number, and their themes as follows:

The first told how the Christian should vote.

The second gave the story of the Deacon's match.

The third compared the legislation *against* the English sparrow, which kills our singing birds, with the legislation *for* the liquor seller who kills our sons and daughters.

The fourth spoke upon our personal responsibility.

The fifth gave an earnest plea for prohibition.

The sixth had the grand subject of Nationalism against Sectionalism.

The judges awarded the prize to number four. They were out a long time and although they did not tell us so, we think they had some difficulty in deciding between No. 4. and No. 6.

The prize is a neat silver badge and entitles itsowner to the right of competing at the county contest for the Gold Medal. It was presented in a neat little speech by the chairman of the evening, Mr. James Harris, Miss Maggie Teats was the successful contestant.

MOSHANNON ITEMS.

Miss Mattie Hogencamp is at present visiting friends in Moshannon.

A party of four young ladies went from here to the Big Moshannon to hunt grapes last Saturday. In the water is a funny place to look for grapes, eh girls?

Authur Yondis is slowly recovering from a severe spell of sickness.

Robert Meyers visited his uncle in this place on Sunday. All glad to see you, Bob,

The next time Thomas and David go to see a hornet's nest they will be a little more careful. Hornets have stingers you know.

LOW RATES TO GRANGERS PICNIC.

For the accommodation of visitors to the Patrons of Husbandry Picnic at Centre Hall Sept 12th to 17th 1895, The Pennsylvania Railroad Co will sell excursion Tickets on the above dates to Centre Hall good to return Sept 20th 1892 at the low rate of single fare for the round trip, and will run Special Trains on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad.

—On Monday evening next, September 12th, Jane Combs, in "The Bleak House" will appear in Garman's opera house. This is said to be one of the best plays on the road and Miss Combs' rendition of it is little short of marvellous. Dont fail to see it. Chart now open and tickets on sale at Parrish's drug store.

—Campaign talk seems very scarce these times and campaign boodle ditto.

REUNION OF COMPANY E.

Twenty Survivors Meet and Make Merry Last Friday.

As was announced in the REPUBLICAN the survivors of Company E, 45th Regiment Pa. Vet. Vol., held a reunion in Halfmoon township, on the farm of Mr. Henry Stevens, the Company's first Captain, on Friday, September 2nd. Twenty members of the company were present, and a number of other veterans increased the number to 55. The reunion was in the shape of a basket picnic for all but the old soldiers who were furnished dinner by Capt. Stevens. It was early in the morning when the crowd began to arrive and by ten o'clock all were present. The Baileyville band and Halfmoon drum corps furnished music for the occasion.

The address of welcome was delivered by Rev. A. P. Wharton, and the response by John G. Love, Esq., of Bellefonte. By this time the promptings of the inner man were being made manifest and the vets. all formed in line and marched to the table set by Capt. Stevens, where they partook of a repast that in no way whatever reminded them of camp life, unless it was in the bountiful supply of everything.

After dinner Mr. Love made another speech and then Prof. John Hamilton, of State College, arose and in the most brilliant way made a neat little address winding up with presenting to Capt. Stevens as a mark of remembrance by his old comrades, a handsome gold headed cane. The Captain was taken considerably by surprise but responded in fitting words of thanks. Then Clement Dale, Esq., made a speech which was replete with wit and humor as well as a partial history of Company E. Other speeches were made by Dr. Tobin, Gen. Curtin and Rev. Dunlap, of Pine Grove. Letters of regret were read from absent comrads among which was one from Gen. Beaver.

Following this came the family reunion of Captain Stevens at which every child and grandchild was present. The picnic broke up in the late hours of the afternoon after all having voted it one of the most pleasant and social times ever spent together.

Below we give the names of the surviving members of the Company who were present as well as partial history of its doings during service:

W H Musser, 1st Sergt	Milesburg
Geo Loner Sergeant	Stormstown
Henry Irvin, corporal	Altoona
Henry Miller	Altoona
W H Fry	Pine Grove Mills
J G Heberling	Pine Grove Mills
J R Pheasant	Mt Eagle
W H Poorman	Bellefonte
David Love	Bellefonte
William Ellenberger	Guyer
Henry Bartoe	Guyer
Perry Cupp	Coalrain
Graffius Weston	Port Matilda
H H Crider	Shelby, Alabama
Jacob Beck	Loveville
Fred Weston	New Creek
J G Rider	Gatesburg
Christ Ellenberger	Port Matilda

The total membership of Co. E. during the war, including volunteers, drafted men and substitutes, was 190 men. Of these fifteen were instantly killed in battle, two were drowned by accident, eighteen died of wounds, twelve died of disease and five died in southern prison pens. The total number of deaths was fifty-seven. Five members of the company (so far as is known) died since the war. The last was A. H. Cox, of Bellefonte, in January.

During the war the company traveled through fifteen states and participated in many battles. The principal ones were South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Jackson, Mississippi, Knoxville, Blue Springs and Cambells Station, Tenn., and in all the battles from the Rapidan to the Appomattox, April 9, 1865, and were finally discharged at Harrisburg, Pa., July 21, 1865.

A CALL TO MAINE.

Last Thursday General Hastings received a dispatch from the National Republican Committee asking him to go at once to Maine and open the campaign in that State by a speech on Saturday evening. Owing to a press of business the General was forced to decline. To a REPUBLICAN representative, however, he said that later in the campaign he expected to go to Maine and do some speaking. On Monday the General took part in a celebration at Mahoney City in which Senator Sherman took part as one of the orators.

—Alfred Derr, a young man employed at the Phoenix Planing Mill, had two fingers and part of his hand cut off by a saw at Jenkins & Lingle's foundry last Friday morning. Dr. H. K. Hoy rendered the necessary surgical assistance. Alfy is a bright boy and we sympathize with him in his affliction.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE